

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

November 1, 1950

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WAS WRONG -- BAXTER**

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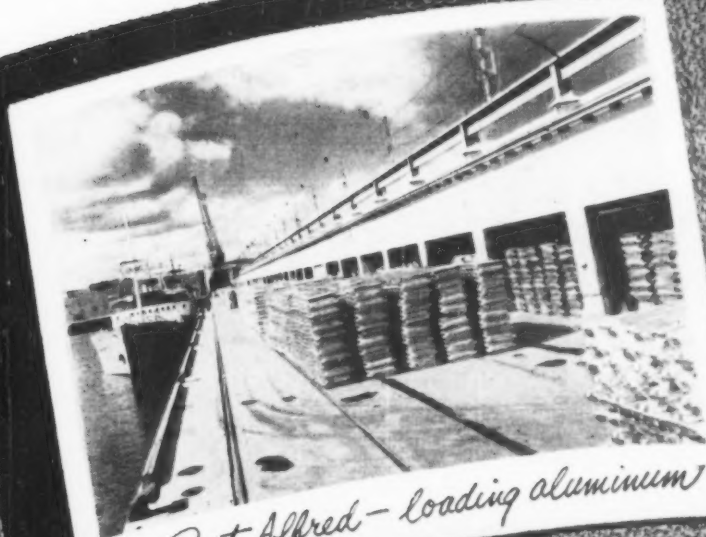
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EDITORIAL

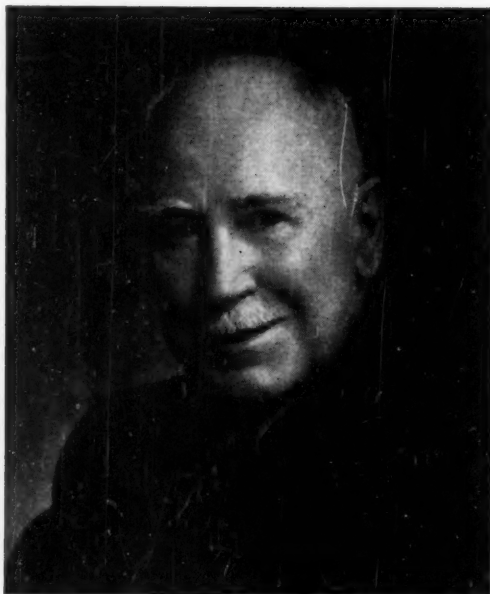


PHOTO BY MARSH, OTTAWA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, 1862-1950

IF IT observed the formalities this editorial would be enclosed in a black border. In the severe and narrow sense of that narrowest of words it concerns a death—the death of Lieutenant-Colonel John Bayne Maclean.

It's our feeling nevertheless that the magazine to which he gave his name cannot, in simple reality, concede the death of John Bayne Maclean. For as we mourned him the parts of him that lived were as close and challenging as tomorrow's deadline or the next stack of proofs. One of our editors had just left on a trip around the world to look, as a Canadian, at sundry trouble spots and try to discern what special meanings they hold for Canadians. One of our writers had just returned from a trip across Canada during which he talked to hundreds of teen-agers and tried to find out what the next generation is doing and thinking and hoping. Other people who work here were judging the 2,000 entries in a contest for Canadian fiction writers. The presses were getting ready to roll on stories about a new Canadian fighting plane, a famous Canadian actor, a woman who runs a celebrated Canadian restaurant, a successful Canadian salesman and the mayor of a small Canadian town.

We who work for it are only too conscious that Maclean's Magazine often falls short of its founder's vision. We believe the vision itself—first seen at a time when there were no Canadian periodicals speaking to a general audience of Canadians on Canadian terms—was a great one. We believe that Canada has grown in stature in direct proportion to the growth of its national voice and that in pioneering a new, and for many years unprofitable, outlet for our national voice Colonel Maclean followed the highest ideals of public service.

John Bayne Maclean founded Maclean's

Magazine—forerunner of three other national magazines and companion of three dozen business papers—at a time when doing so seemed neither sensible nor safe. Sixty-three years ago he quit a job as a \$7-a-week reporter on a Toronto paper and started a small periodical publishing house of his own. By 1911 his largest and most profitable publication was *Busy Man's Magazine*, the original digest. But although *Busy Man's Magazine* was a highly successful venture commercially, it was jettisoned because it did not offer a medium through which Canadians could write and hear about Canadian affairs, Canadian attitudes and Canadian traditions. Its successor, Maclean's, lost heavily before it won acceptance. It won acceptance, finally, because John Bayne Maclean tried to teach it to speak up but not to speak stridently—in a voice sometimes hungry with aspiration, sometimes angry with self-criticism, more often as low and casual as the voice of next-door neighbors chewing the fat over a sunset. Over the long haul he sought to prove or disprove nothing except that understanding comes with knowledge.

That is why, as we honor him and mourn him, we cannot quite bring ourselves to believe that he is dead. Perhaps somewhere in this issue of the magazine that bears his name there will be a sentence or a phrase that will cause some young man or woman to believe that Canada is a better or more interesting place than he or she had realized, or that something is amiss in Canada that he or she must try to fix. Perhaps in time some small new better thing will come of that small new stirring of awareness.

And John Bayne Maclean, who is said to have died one day before his 88th birthday, will be embarked on the 89th year of a valiant and fruitful life.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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...and one to grow on

If you could give your child the one birthday present that would do most for him while he's growing up — what would it be?

You know the answer — it's security.

But security is a big word — and there's more than one kind. There's the bread-and-butter kind that includes a good education and a good start in life. And there's the inner kind — a happy home where grown-ups are at peace with life — because they don't have to worry about Tomorrow.

Luckily both kinds of security come in the same package. When you safeguard your family's future

with The Prudential, you also reap one of life's greatest rewards — peace of mind.

Prudential life insurance is that wonder-of-wonders, the gift the giver gets. While you are guaranteeing your child the chance to grow to happy maturity, you are giving yourself "one to grow on," too.

It's our birthday, too

This month The Prudential is 75. We're proud of the security we've been able to bring to Canadian and American homes down through the years. And it's a pleasant thought for us that we're helping a lot of people stay younger in spirit by taking off their shoulders many worries about tomorrow.



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MADE IN CANADA

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Whisper of Conscription

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



the Korean War. Courtemanche sits for Labelle which for years was represented by the great isolationist Henri Bourassa. His speech was right in the Bourassa vein.

PROG. CONSERVATIVES were put in a cruel dilemma by the three Quebec by-elections, October 16. They got out of it with dignity and courage, though perhaps at some cost in votes.

In the past, PC failure to contest Quebec ridings has often been attributed to political cowardice. They would make great efforts between elections to rally Quebec support then shrink from revealing how futile these efforts had been. This time the party was determined that this should not be said of it again.

Every preparation was made for contesting all three Quebec seats. Two of them were forlorn hopes, but in the third—Joliette—the PCs thought they had a real chance. The retiring M.P., Georges Emile Lapalme (now provincial Liberal leader in Quebec) was personally strong there, but so is Quebec Labor Minister Antonio Barrette, whose home town it is. With Barrette's help, the Tories thought they could beat any Liberal who might aspire to succeed Lapalme.

And so the campaign budgets were prepared and approved, the organizers picked, the candidates lined up in readiness for local conventions. Win or lose, the PCs were going to give the Liberals a fight.

Then, alas, a young Conservative M.P. named Henri Courtemanche made a speech in the House of Commons—a violent attack on Liberal measures for taking part in

In Parliament the damage was relatively slight. The other Quebec Conservative, Navy veteran Leon Balcer, of Three Rivers, got up to dissociate himself and the party from what Courtemanche had said. He offered wholehearted support to the defense effort. That was the end of it, in parliament.

In Quebec it was not the end. Courtemanche was hailed in the isolationist Press as a hero, the lone guardian of the people's rights. Word began to trickle through to Ottawa that in the coming by-elections the Progressive Conservatives could count on support from the isolationists.

From Ottawa the word went back: "We don't want your support." But as time went on it appeared that the anti-war element in Quebec wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

The climax came when a testimonial banquet for Henri Courtemanche was organized in Montreal. The young M.P. was to be met at the station by a parade of former *Bloc Populaire* stalwarts and was to ride through the streets in an open car, sitting beside the aged patriarch of Quebec nationalism, Henri Bourassa.

PCs in Ottawa heard about it just in time. Discreet hints were dropped to Henri Courtemanche that he'd better stay away and he did—the banquet fell through. But it was evident now that no matter what the PCs might... Continued on page 52



The Government sometimes does what it said it wouldn't do.



A.P.
THE WINDSORS didn't like Baxter's Maclean's article when it was reprinted.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

The Duke Was Indiscreet

THERE has been considerable criticism of the Duke of Windsor for breaking with tradition, at any rate British tradition, and writing his memoirs for publication during his lifetime and for a very high fee. It is perhaps only fair to state that the criticism has been stronger in the Dominions than in Great Britain.

It is not his fault that two of the principal actors in the abdication drama are now dead—Stanley Baldwin and the then Archbishop of Canterbury. They can make no reply. On the other hand Winston Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook, who were in close contact with the young King throughout the crisis, are very much alive but there is nothing in the memoirs that reflects against them in any way. Quite naturally the author deals kindly with them for they were openly King's men.

We have a rule in the House of Commons that any M.P. who has a special interest in the subject under discussion must reveal it before making his speech. Thus a member with financial holdings in steel or cotton or any other such enterprise would have to state that fact if we were debating the conditions of any of these industries.

Therefore I propose in what I am now writing to begin with disclosing my own interest in the matter. Some of it is already known but the sequel which has never been published is not without some political interest at this time.

But first, in view of the Duke's version, it might be well to recall the salient facts and how they moved remorselessly to their tragic climax. A new generation has come into being since then and what is a legend to them should be resolved into history.

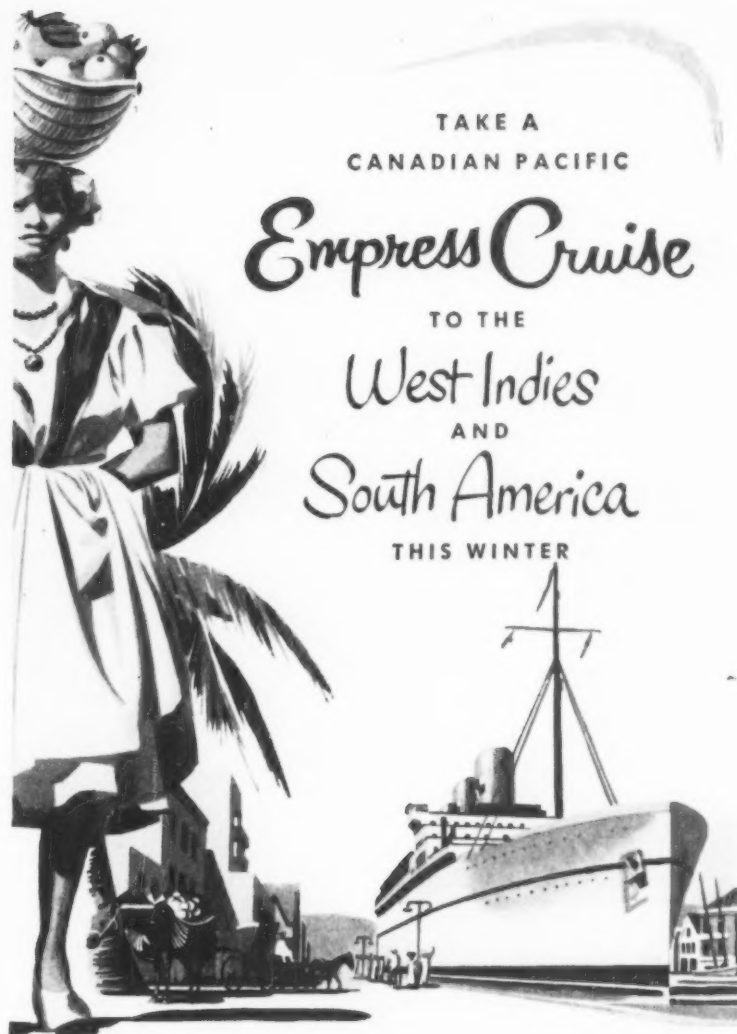
For months before the abdication, in my position as an M.P. and editorial adviser to Lord Kemsley's group of newspapers, I was aware of the tremendous publicity being given in America and on the Continent to the romance of the King and Mrs. Simpson. Of course in London, among the smart set, it was also known but the newspapers maintained a self-denying ordinance and the public at large were not aware of the lady's existence.

Many of us were disturbed by this attitude of the Press despite the fact that it was altruistic and honorable in purpose. The silence of the newspapers gave no warning to the King of what the public reaction would be. To that extent the British newspapers in their desire to protect the dignity of the Throne were less than fair to Edward.

It was during this period that I met Mrs. Simpson for the first and only time. With an old friend, Colonel John Dodge, and his wife, my wife and I dined at Mrs. Simpson's flat and found her a charming hostess who did everything to make the evening pleasant. Later I was to regret the evening for it made my subsequent actions seem ungrateful as well as harsh.

The days passed by and suddenly, almost without warning, the nation was confronted with a constitutional crisis. Prime Minister Baldwin had gone to see the King and the story blew up like a bomb. The newspapers which had kept silent so long published pictures which were old to the Americans but startlingly new to the British.

The nation was shocked, hurt. It was also resentful that the facts had been withheld. There had been no preparation of public opinion which, I repeat, was a dereliction on the part of the Press. *Continued on page 34*



Pack your bags and away you go!
Visit storied Jamaica . . . see old Spanish Town.
In Venezuela, motor through the Maritime
Andes to Caracas. Shop in Curacao, world-famous
"Shopper's Paradise". At Panama, a full-day
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any Canadian Pacific agent.

Canadian Pacific

VALET FREES 3 OCCUPANTS OF WRECKED, BLAZING CAR

Robert Foster, 29, of Hamilton, Ont., with his wife's help, saves three young men from perishing in flames



1. The sight that met the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Foster after midnight on the Mount Albion Road was anything but pleasant. An old model sedan had careened off the road, ploughed 60 feet along a gulley and smashed into a tree. A broken fuel line had sprayed gasoline on the hot motor and flames broke out. Leaping from his car, the young valet ran to the scene.



2. One man had been thrown to the road. The hood had been ripped off and the motor wrapped around the tree. In spite of her husband's protests, Mrs. Foster insisted on helping to get one man out. Then Foster had to rip off the back part of the front seat to get the other two men free. By this time the whole car had been enveloped in flames. An explosion might easily have followed.



3. Foster put three of the victims in his car and drove them to the hospital. The fourth was taken in a police ambulance. Thanks to the coolness and unselfish efforts of Robert Foster and his wife, the four seriously injured men did not burn to death in the wreck. We are proud to present *THE DOW AWARD* to this gallant young Canadian citizen.



THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

For deeds such as Robert Foster's, more than 215 Canadians have been presented with The Dow Award since its inception in April, 1946.

DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL



TEST PILOT WATERTON watches as mechanic fixes chute on writer Keith. Soon they sliced the sky at a silent 650 mph.

I FLEW IN OUR NEW JET FIGHTER

The first reporter to fly in Avro Canada's CF100 twin-jet fighter tells you what it's like at 10 miles per minute in the perilous atmosphere, and gives you a chilling preview of war in the new air age

By RONALD A. KEITH

THE BLACK AIRPLANE with the needle nose rose like a rocket over Hamilton. Four miles above the city the pilot rolled the twin-jet gently over and set course for Toronto, 40 miles away. We were there, right over the heart of the city, three minutes and 40 seconds later. That works out to almost 650 miles an hour, or better than 10 miles a minute.

I was flying in the rear cockpit of the CF100, Canada's newest and best fighting plane, with test pilot Bill Waterton, who works for A. V. Roe (Canada) Ltd., of Malton, near Toronto, the designers and builders. The Avro CF100 has been selected by the Department of National Defense, for which it was specially designed and built with

plenty of range to cover our northern frontiers, as Canada's new frontline fighter.

If war should come the CF100, together with the F86 Sabre, a single-jet U. S.-designed fighter being built in Montreal by Canadair Ltd., would take the place in the RCAF once filled by the famous piston-driven Spitfire.

Not only does the CF100 replace the Spitfire and the later British jet, the Vampire, but it hurls Canadian airmen into a weird new world, high above the clouds, where airplanes travel as fast as sound and the final enemies are not the human foes, hostile pilots squatting under glass domes, but the air itself. For at these speeds and these heights the air becomes a killer, as strange and terrifying

as any faceless demon out of science fiction. The air can freeze and choke and fry the men who fly in it. Up in that high world lurk mysteries so vast that their nature, much less the means of conquering them, are still hidden by the bland blue of space.

The CF100 isn't in mass production yet. In fact, there are only two of them. But the RCAF has ordered 100 for earliest delivery. These, together with an order for the same number of Sabres make up a \$200-million fighter-plane order recently placed. It's too early to estimate the cost-per-plane of the CF100 since the prototypes must for the time being bear the huge book cost of the designing and testing of what appears to be a long vicious line.

Two Rolls-Royce Avon Continued on page 57



Gendarmes sent over by France never need their guillotine.

The Isles of CODFISH AND

Nestling under Newfoundland like eggs under a hen are the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon where vintage wines at \$1 a bottle foam every night in the cafes on the quay to brighten the fading traditions of the Old World

ST. PIERRE, the merry little port that was a reservoir of liquor in the daze of American prohibition, lies just 12 miles from Newfoundland's Burin Peninsula and 70 minutes by air from Sydney, N.S. It is the capital of the Territory of the Isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon, the oldest and smallest possession of France. The tiny metropolis clings to its motherland and governs its colony of 4,800 people with 10 *gendarmes* sent over from France and 300 civil servants.

There are no bootlegging boats in the harbor now, the smell of cod is stronger than that of rum, empty liquor warehouses on 11th of November Street are used for prize fights and French movies. In the cafes fishermen drink champagne, on the waterfront straw-stuffed sabots clatter, and Chanel No. 5 is displayed in a hundred shop windows with leeks, Benedictine and gay things from Paris.

It was fish that brought the French to the islands in the 14th century. While France and Britain fought to possess the New World the British captured and burned St. Pierre three times before the Treaty of Paris, 1814, finally allowed France to keep the islands as a fishing base. Nestling under Newfoundland like eggs under a hen, the archipelago with its four villages and one town, its 93 square miles of hills and bogs, its reefs and rocky coasts dimmed by fog or hidden by winter snow, is all that France has left of her vast North American Empire.

The largest, most northerly island is Miquelon

(pronounced Miklon) with 500 people in one melancholy bourg that has no harbor. Joined to it by a seven-mile sandbar is beautiful green Langlade with a few summer homes, two farms and a stony beach. St. Pierre Island, though smaller, boasts the capital, two fishing settlements, half a dozen farms, about 18 miles of road and a harbor facing France. Roughly rectangular in shape with a bulge on the east side where all the people live, it is about five miles long and less than half as wide. Most of it is volcanic rock. It has no trees; if a sapling appears it is cut down for firewood or a fence. Scraggly bushes try to cover its mountains (so-called) but they give up near the summits which are bald and grey and present a thrilling view of more hills, clear pools, deep bays, the dim coast of Newfoundland and the huddling little port.

Not many travelers find their way to St. Pierre (which is one of its charms), if they do they are never sure how or when they can leave it. Maritime Central Airways sends a 21-passenger plane up from Sydney every week if there is no fog, no rain, no wind. The Blue Seal, a freighter with accommodation for 10, calls monthly en route from Montreal to St. John's but not for a return trip. The most reliable way of getting off the island is in the Miquelon, the rolling little steamer which belongs to the French Government. M. Morazé, her manager in St. Pierre, can predict her departure almost to the day. Of course, emergencies arise: the soccer team may want transportation to Newfound-

land; it may be necessary to run over to Langlade to fetch someone home for a funeral; sometimes the Miquelon takes a trip to France. Usually she runs to and from Halifax or Sydney three times a month. Anyone who happens to be where she is can get a ride for around \$50.

I flew to Sydney to be one of seven passengers on the crowded little vessel. We took 18 hours to reach St. Pierre. My shipmate was a flirtatious matron with an English vocabulary of three words: okay, thanks and water-closet. M. and Mme. Dagort, returning from an annual visit with their daughter in France, shared their tiny cabin with a young man who, like all well-to-do St. Pierreais, had spent a year learning English in Canada. "St. Pierre is just like one family," they said. Mme. Flahaut had with her an 11-year-old niece from Montreal with lively Canadian manners and slangy patois.

"We cannot interpret her French; it is of Jacques Cartier's time, not *moderne* as in St. Pierre and in Paris," they explained.

They all addressed me in English but spoke to each other in French, which I do not understand. We watched the sunset from the deck, we smiled at each other and felt very friendly.

I learned that everyone loves St. Pierre. On its lonely little island in a cold and foggy sea it is a welcome haven where the crews of French trawlers unload their fish and find a bit of comfort, where schooners from Canada's coast come in for untaxed U. S. cigarettes. It

Continued on page 44



Georges Landry, Chamber of Commerce president, proudly reports that all but 50 families own their own homes.

Fish brought the French to St. Pierre in the 14th century and it has been the island's staple industry ever since.

CHAMPAGNE

By EDNA STAEBLER

PHOTOS BY JEAN BRIAND



Just 12 miles from Canada, St. Pierre remains tightly linked to Europe. But some islanders dream of the benefits Confederation could bring them.



Canadian groceries and clothing, French brandies and lace meet on the shelves of St. Pierre shops. You can buy \$40 perfumes for as low as \$4.



Like sailors everywhere the St. Pierrais seek God's aid against storms and reefs. In prohibition days they hauled a more valuable cargo than cod.

LET'S MARRY

Here it was, a superbargain — beauty with wealth. He had hit the jackpot. And there wasn't anything too wrong about marrying for money — or was there?

By BURT SIMS

Illustrated by Mabel McDermott

THEY called it the Sunset Island Beach Club. Jim Conway, at ease in the canvas chair on his little white tower, yawned at a wheeling, yawking sea gull. It wasn't an island; it was a pure white curve of private beach; adhesive tape rimming a quiet arc of blue Pacific. And the sunset part brought a slight smile to his young face, a glint of cynicism to his eyes. By sunset, most days, the members and their guests were too full of Martinis to see it.

He looked out at the empty ocean in the bright mid-morning sunlight, then far to his right where a slender feminine figure in a blue bathing suit strolled along the hardpacked sand. Laura Standish was too far away for him to distinguish her features—but his mind saw them . . . the calm grey eyes, the long dark hair, the poise of her smile . . .

He sensed movement and turned as Lazlo, the club manager, came stiff-legged toward him from the brilliantly white, ambling wings of the building. With an effort at maintaining the appearance of virility, Lazlo had his shoulders thrown well back, and he wore trunks of bright Hawaiian design. But for the beach boy act, Jim thought, he had a little too much paunch, and his dark skin was too loose across his chest.

"How is the water?" A trace of accent slurred Lazlo's words. He had retained just enough of the accent to upholster the worn framework of his Continental manner. And it went well, Jim had to admit, with Lazlo's deeply etched features, his thick greying hair, worn long.

"Cold." He ran a strong hand over his own hair, short-cropped and sun-bleached, and yawned again.

"Go to bed at night." A sudden breeze blew at them, and Lazlo shivered.

"I'll be awake by noon. Nobody ever gets here until noon."

"Nobody?"



For Your Money

Jim followed his gaze. Laura Standish had nearly reached The Rock, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. "She's different," he said thoughtfully. "She really likes the beach."

"What do the others like?" asked Lazlo, a slight, knowing smile taking up the slack in his face.

Jim gestured. "If it takes money they like it. Most of them. But if they could get it for free, like a beach or an ocean . . ." He shook his head. "They'd rather pay for it—like belonging to this club."

One of Lazlo's heavy eyebrows lifted. "Money? Now you're against it? Be young, Conway. You have the handsome looks for it. But not that young."

Jim said softly, "I'm not that young, Lazlo." He kept the next thought to himself, he thought that he still had a month in which to get the money. He wasn't too young to realize what money—a lot of money—could do.

WHEN he had been 20, and a junior in college, the pattern had been that he would work perhaps 10 years before his income as a petroleum engineer would reach a comfortable level. But at 27—and still without his master's degree—10 years suddenly had become an interminable and wholly undesirable wait.

Lazlo said abruptly, "Have you picked one?"

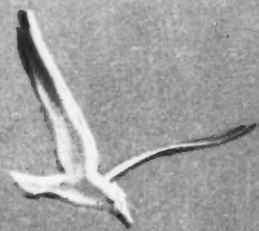
Jim brought his eyes slowly off the gentle ocean, down to Lazlo's wise face. He said carefully, "One what?"

Lazlo's laugh was short. "You think you are the first one? Every summer, a new lifeguard. Every summer, I can see it. Some are more eager than others. They do not handle it right. Children in a candy shop. Their faces, I think, give them away. They will want to marry the rich young girls. You, I am not sure about." His eyes were arrogant. "So I asked."

Jim said coolly, "Which

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LET'S MARRY

Here it was, a superbargain — beauty with wealth. He had hit the jackpot. And there wasn't anything too wrong about marrying for money — or was there?

By BURT SIMS

Illustrated by Mabel McDermott

THEY called it the Sunset Island Beach Club. Jim Conway, at ease in the canvas chair on his little white tower, yawned at a wheeling, yawking sea gull. It wasn't an island; it was a pure white curve of private beach; adhesive tape rimming a quiet arc of blue Pacific. And the sunset part brought a slight smile to his young face, a glint of cynicism to his eyes. By sunset, most days, the members and their guests were too full of Martinis to see it.

He looked out at the empty ocean in the bright mid-morning sunlight, then far to his right where a slender feminine figure in a blue bathing suit strolled along the hardpacked sand. Laura Standish was too far away for him to distinguish her features—but his mind saw them . . . the calm grey eyes, the long dark hair, the poise of her smile . . .

He sensed movement and turned as Lazlo, the club manager, came stiff-legged toward him from the brilliantly white, ambling wings of the building. With an effort at maintaining the appearance of virility, Lazlo had his shoulders thrown well back, and he wore trunks of bright Hawaiian design. But for the beach boy act, Jim thought, he had a little too much paunch, and his dark skin was too loose across his chest.

"How is the water?" A trace of accent slurred Lazlo's words. He had retained just enough of the accent to upholster the worn framework of his Continental manner. And it went well, Jim had to admit, with Lazlo's deeply etched features, his thick greying hair, worn long.

"Cold." He ran a strong hand over his own hair, short-cropped and sun-bleached, and yawned again.

"Go to bed at night." A sudden breeze blew at them, and Lazlo shivered.

"I'll be awake by noon. Nobody ever gets here until noon."

"Nobody?"



For Your Money

Jim followed his gaze. Laura Standish had nearly reached The Rock, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. "She's different," he said thoughtfully. "She really likes the beach."

"What do the others like?" asked Lazlo, a slight, knowing smile taking up the slack in his face.

Jim gestured. "If it takes money they like it. Most of them. But if they could get it for free, like a beach or an ocean . . ." He shook his head. "They'd rather pay for it—like belonging to this club."

One of Lazlo's heavy eyebrows lifted. "Money? Now you're against it? Be young, Conway. You have the handsome looks for it. But not that young."

Jim said softly, "I'm not that young, Lazlo." He kept the next thought to himself, he thought that he still had a month in which to get the money. He wasn't too young to realize what money—a lot of money—could do.

WHEN he had been 20, and a junior in college, the pattern had been that he would work perhaps 10 years before his income as a petroleum engineer would reach a comfortable level. But at 27—and still without his master's degree—10 years suddenly had become an interminable and wholly undesirable wait.

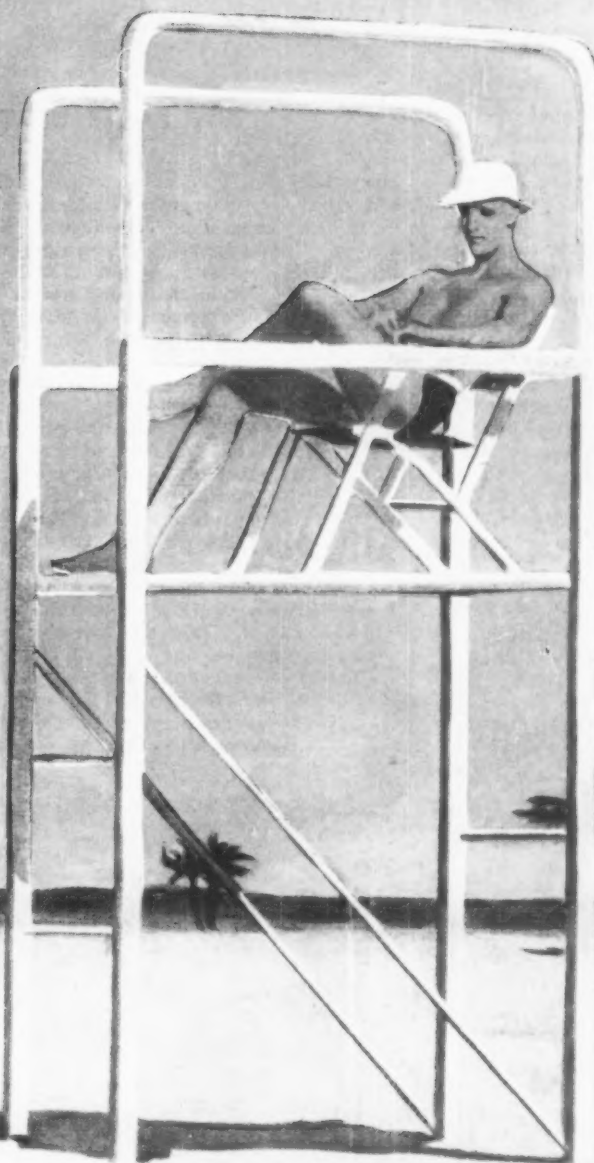
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OIL TOWN MAYOR

When the boom struck Redwater (pop. 160) what the town needed most was everything. And all it had in the bank was \$732. Here's how Mayor Len Walker and his council coped while the population jumped 20 times and the problems spurted like gushers

By EARLE BEATTIE

THE 65-year-old mayor of the village of Redwater, Alta., a Cockney farmer by the name of Len Walker, abruptly danced a jig behind the desk of the Redwater Hotel. His Worship, who is also desk clerk at the hotel, had just answered the phone.

"That was Imperial Oil," he announced to the small group in the lobby. "They're going to drill five more wells and put a battery on my land. Wait till my wife hears of this!" (Battery: oil tanks and separators.)

"The wiry little mayor of Canada's newest boom town had been married only three months and after a frontier-spirit honeymoon the bride had gone to visit her folks in Michigan. The day after she left, Walker's home had been gutted by fire, so the good news from Imperial would pleasantly offset news of the fire.

"This is my lucky day," Walker said. He leaned across the counter and his neat circular bald spot came into view.

Someone asked Len how much the company would pay him for drilling. Walker pulled a few excited puffs on a dangling cigarette and chewed on his upper lip so that the full-length fag almost disappeared inside his mouth.

"Five wells and a battery," he said, "that's the same as six wells at \$1,200 each. Comes to \$7,200 and they'll be around with a cheque tomorrow."

Len Walker already had one well on his land, so his down payments and rentals over the 20-year lease period would come to about \$35,000.

The mayor was briefly interrupted by a customer in oily overalls who got up from his stool in the hotel restaurant, came over to the desk and presented his meal check. His Worship rang the money expertly into the cash register, handed back 15 cents change from a dollar with a polite "Yes, sir. Thank you." Then he turned back to the lobby crowd.

"I'm going down to the garage and tell Walter I'll take that 1950 Pontiac," Len said. "And maybe I'll buy the house next to mine."

The puckish features of Redwater's mayor creased up into a gleeful picture, his nimble eyeballs darting quick points of happy light as he chewed on his cigarette. His strong sinewed arms were brown below the short sleeves of his T-shirt.

The Redwater Hotel's chief proprietor, big Steve Malowany, loomed up from a corridor and Len told him the good news. Steve grinned, "I suppose we won't see you now for a couple of days."

"That's for sure!" Len cracked back and the oilmen, farmers, truck drivers, salesmen standing in the lobby broke in with a chorus of laughter.

"I said I'd have three parties when they found oil," Len went on. "The first is beer, the second Scotch and the third champagne!"

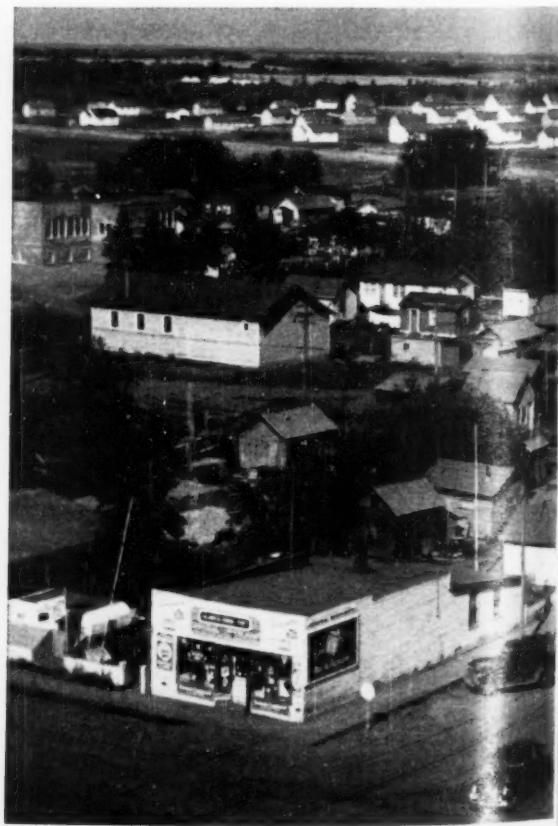
A champagne celebration by the mayor of Redwater would celebrate more than his monetary good fortune. Few of those in the lobby, laughing heartily with the little man at the desk, knew that for him the oil boom had been like a second birth. Only three years ago, following the death of his first wife, Len Walker had left his farm and wandered aimlessly about Edmonton, feeling old and lost. Then when the cry of oil went up in Redwater his life-long friend, Steve Malowany, got Len to come back and help him run the new 25-room hotel he was building.

"If I hadn't met Steve that day in Edmonton," Walker says, "I might have been there still. Just drifting, doing nothing. But Steve stopped his car on the street when he saw me and said, 'Len, come on back to Redwater.' I went right to my room, packed my bag and came to Redwater that very same day."

It was a triumphant homecoming for the popular Cockney, returning to the circle of Ukrainian friends he had known all his adult life. For Walker found in a short space of time that you can come home again, you can become the No. 1 citizen in your old stamping ground, get married at 65 and suddenly fall into a modest fortune giving security



HIS WORSHIP MAYOR WALKER, desk clerk at the brand new Redwater Hotel, is ready to convene council at a dining-room table the moment a new headache arises. "Town hall" is an old granary.



GROWING PAINS for Redwater meant sidewalks, street lights, a policeman and hundreds of new

Maclean's Magazine, November 1, 1950

for the rest of your life. His homestead and the extra quarter section he'd bought later had paid off.

The eternal Canadian boomtown had done it, the legend that will not lie down, and this time it was Redwater, Alta., 36 miles away by rail northeast of Edmonton, latest of a long line of frontier excitements ranging from the sourdough trail of '98. Like an Albertan Aladdin, Len Walker had found a magic lamp and its black-oil slave brought rich blessings.

While Len was telling his story of a personal boom, throwing it out in snatches of conversation as hotel guests asked for their room keys and restaurant diners paid their checks, he was unexpectedly projected into the role of mayor by the arrival of Redwater's two councilors, Walter Malowany and Myroslaw Muzyka. (Walter, a nephew of big Steve, is joint owner with his brother John of a handsome new garage; Muzyka is the Redwater School principal.) Len convened a council meeting at one of the restaurant tables.

Village government and village life in general have been on that spontaneous unexpected basis ever since the discovery well blew in on Hilton Cook's land in September, 1948. After that, Len Walker and his old friends watched their hamlet, slumbering in dusty solitude, suddenly become the target of an industrial and commercial stampede in the rush for oil and business. They found themselves the surprised centre of the greatest wild-cattling drive in Canada's oil history.

In the once-quiet countryside derricks soon towered above haystacks, drill pipes raised in clangorous cry in the oil rigs to mingle discordantly with the pealing of bells in the Ukrainian churches, while flare pits burning off gas and waste spewed crackling flame and oil-black smoke high above the wheat. In the evenings the district looked like a "target for tonight" as the flare-pit flames ringing the hamlet threw huge red glows into the prairie sky.

Up until then Redwater had been distinguishable from open prairie only by three tall obelisk-like grain elevators, two garages, four general stores, a very small hotel, a poolroom and a boxcar railway station where trains arrived once a week. There were no street lights, no

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homes and stores. Water is still hauled in by truck. Zoning bylaw regulates outdoor plumbing.



COCKNEY BORN AND BRED, Mayor Walker rode into office on the Ukrainian vote, won in part by singing at parties in a tongue he couldn't understand. Prosperity came with oil on his land.



MME. BURGER treasures her guest books which survived two fires. Mayor Cruikshank, of Rockcliffe, signs among the luminaries.

MADAME MARIE BURGER, proprietor of a restaurant in Hull, Quebec, which bears her husband's name but is known as Madame Burger's, has served *pâté de foie gras* to Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, onion soup to fiddler Sally Rand, caviar to a Russian spy, chicken à la king to Barbara Ann Scott and *filet mignon*, rare, to Prime Minister St. Laurent.

She presides over a cuisine which world-traveled gourmets like photographer Yousuf Karsh claim equals the best in Europe. More important to the politicians and diplomats who dominate the clientele, Mme. Burger and her employees never tattle about what they see or hear in the café.

Mme. Burger's restaurant, the Café Henry Burger, is in a yellow brick 12-room house 10 minutes ride from Ottawa's Parliament Buildings. There is no neon sign, but instead a brass plaque, like a doctor's shingle, bears the name. Inside it is still like a private home, centre hall plan, with four small dining rooms in what used to be the upstairs bedrooms and three larger dining rooms downstairs.

The atmosphere is worldly; often a different language is being spoken at each table in the room.



SAMPLING TURKEY, she tests the art of Second Chef Ledermann. She says only 10 Canadians are gourmets, but won't name any.

DINNER OVER AT MADAME BURGER'S

*For years the people from Parliament Hill
have been crossing the river to
Madame Burger's where queens,
princes, diplomats and dancers dine
off snails, steak and heart of palm tree*

By JUNE CALLWOOD

Bottles of champagne or wine stand on the tables and a waiter, dressed in tails with a big white apron around his middle, pushes the *hors d'oeuvres* cart from table to table.

At Café Henry Burger there is no attempt at entertainment, unless you can count the spectacle of the head waiter preparing *crêpes suzettes* in a flaming chafing dish. The *décor* varies in each room, the furniture ranging from Imperial Loyalist maple and carved oak to modern sectional sofas. Some rooms have red-checked tablecloths, pine paneled walls and framed habitation needlework; others have heavy oak chairs, damask cloths and fine Italian and French plates on the pastel walls.

There is no more likely place to meet, at one time, the French diplomatic staff, or the Governor-General's aides-de-camp, or multimillionaire Garfield Weston dining with his wife and nine children, banquet-style, or Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, British High Commissioner to Canada, or Leonard Brockington, former chairman of the CBC and now president of Odeon Theatres (Canada) Ltd.

Solange Karsh, wife of photographer Yousuf, says the fact that the country's notables can feel safe from gossip is what makes Burger's so popular. "In Ottawa privacy is vital and men in public are almost afraid to go out to eat," Mrs. Karsh says. "But at Burger's no one points them out; no matter what the waiter overhears it won't go farther. That's priceless and Mme. Burger knows it."

Mme. Burger keeps guest books, however, which reveal the bemused state of some of her customers. More than one prominent Canadian, whose figure in newspaper pictures is always one of overwhelming dignity, has inscribed above his signature such deathless prose as "Roses are red and violets are blue. I love Henry Burger's and you too."

A former mayor of Winnipeg cryptically recorded "In memory of the day—let's keep the old flag flying." A public accountant from Bay City, Mich., wrote happily, "I like the hull of Hull." George McCullagh, Toronto newspaper publisher, wrote in 1936: "George McCullagh, Toronto Stock Exchange, Without Prejudice" and severely underlined the final two words. Ten years ago Barbara Ann Scott wrote: "To Madame Henri, with many thanks. I like your dog Fido."

Olivia Dionne, Grace Moore, Alfred Hitchcock, Franchot Tone, Maureen O'Sullivan, Gene Raymond, Jan Peerce and Klondike Mike have all signed, many with swooning expressions of their appreciation for the onion soup, the sweetbreads, the steak or Mme. Burger's charm.

This latter is a commodity of which everyone in Ottawa and Hull is fully aware. Cab drivers, taking fares to the restaurant, often rave about her tact and shrewdness, discuss her husband as if they had seen him yesterday. Henry died 14 years ago. A remarkable woman, tall and commanding, with dark hair and expressive dark eyes, Mme. Burger presides from noon until 10 o'clock at the desk at the end of the entrance hall. She wears little jewelry and her clothes are of the finest materials, simple and chic.

She greets everyone in French, switches easily to English without the slightest clashing of gears if the customer looks dazed. Her welcome is so friendly that strangers find themselves thanking her when they leave as effusively as if she had been their hostess at a private party.

She is a model diplomat. Her expression has precisely the same shading of respect and affection when she discusses Louis St. Laurent, leader of the Liberal Party, and George Drew, leader of the Progressive Conservatives. The Drews and their two children frequently have Sunday dinner at Burger's. "The children are beautifully behaved," Mme. Burger says.

So careful is Mme. Burger to speak as though each of her guests possessed equal charm and wit that she still cannot bring herself to tattle on the social habits of the Russians who adored her restaurant during the war. Among them often was the spectacularly handsome Col. Nicholas Zabotin, who headed Russian espionage in Canada. She never asked them to sign her guest book, though, and says of them now, "They were good eaters—but better drinkers."

Each morning, except Sunday, Mme. Burger gets a shopping list from her chef, small, olive-skinned Rodolphe Doseger, a Swiss. She sets off about 9.30, spends between \$50 and \$200 and brings her purchases home in the rear of her nine-year-old grey Dodge. Like most housekeepers Doseger hates to see vegetables crowd *Continued on page 18*

PHOTOS BY MALIK



SHE GOES TO MARKET every day in the open market near the Chateau Laurier to buy the best at a shrewd price. But she doesn't haggle.



CHIEF CHEF DOSEGER in his shining kitchen will prepare a sauce that's out of this world. Our hot dog and hamburger habits appall him.

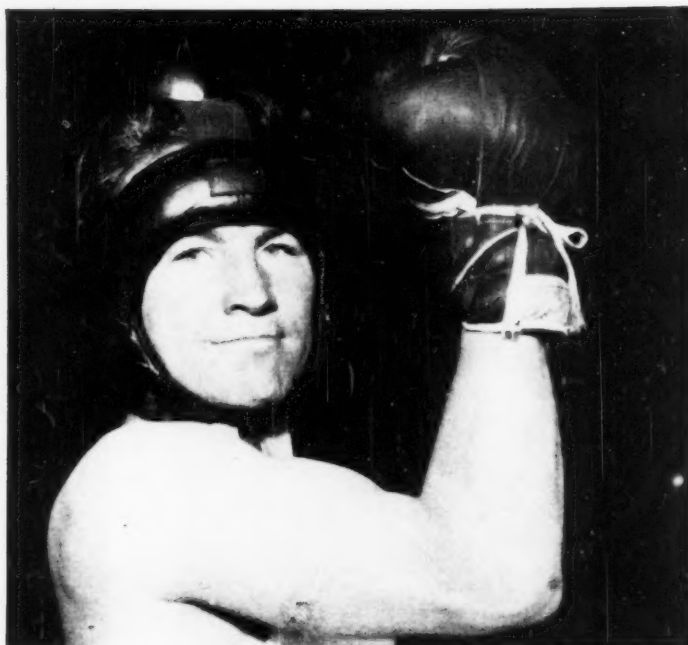


THE ATMOSPHERE in Madame Burger's is worldly and often wealthy. Diplomats and millionaires drop in for drinks, lobster and caviar.



HEADWAITER CERUTTI dramatically serves steaming *coco rant* while Madame approves. Her husband, who died in 1936, was a top chef.

PART THREE



AT 26 JIMMY looked like a champ. At 16 he looked too innocent.

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

When 16-year-old 108-lb. McLarnin set out to conquer the world he seemed so harmless nobody would give him a fight. He and Pop Foster were down to their last \$4. Three years later New York and the Big Time were bidding for him

By Jimmy McLarnin as told to Ralph Allen

IN THE winter of 1924, just after my 16th birthday, I turned professional and began to earn my living, theoretically, as a boxer.

I quit my job running an elevator in Vancouver. Pop Foster, my manager, quit his job as a stevedore on the Vancouver docks and we went to San Francisco.

San Francisco had great traditions as a fight town. All the great men of the prize ring, from the time prize fighters started wearing gloves, had fought there—John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, who was a native son; Jim Jeffries, who wasn't a native but who started out from there; Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard. In 1917 Jack Dempsey showed up there broke and beaten a few weeks after he had been knocked out in less than a round by Fireman Jim Flynn. He stayed a year and by the time he left he was on the way to the heavy-weight championship of the world.

I was no Jack Dempsey when I got there. In fact, I was only about two thirds of a Jimmy McLarnin. When Pop Foster and I had stepped aboard the SS Dorothy Alexander three days before in Victoria, I weighed 108 pounds and was 4 feet 10½ inches tall. All the way down I was seasick and after the first night out I was homesick too. There were 11 kids in our family. I'd never spent a night away from home and there'd never been a night at home when I hadn't knelt beside my mother and said my prayers. And for the last year or more my mother's own prayers had been that I would give up my idea of being a boxer.

When the boat docked in San Fran-

cisco I looked out the porthole through the morning fog and saw the city hanging up there on the hills as though it was waiting to drop right down on my neck. I felt awful.

I didn't say so to Pop. I knew that he knew anyway, and that if there was anything he could do about it, he'd do it. Besides, we both had other things to think about. Pop had spent four years teaching me as much about boxing as I was able to learn in that time. Although it was only a fraction of what he still had left to teach me, we'd both put too much work into it to think of throwing

it away now. We also needed money. Our boat fare, which I think was \$24 apiece, had taken a big chunk out of Pop's savings. We were within a few dollars of being broke, and except for the fights we hoped to get our only means of support was Pop's small monthly cheque as a part pensioner of the Great War.

Pop and I got off the boat and went down to the Observatory Club gymnasium at Franklin and Grove Streets, a hangout for fighters and promoters. The first man we talked to was Frank Schuler who was running weekly fight shows at the Dreamland Rink.

Pop told Schuler my name and said I'd won a dozen or so amateur fights in Vancouver and was ready to turn pro.

Schuler looked at me. I was standing beside Pop with my ring shoes under one arm and my trunks wrapped in a newspaper under the other. I'd taken off my cloth cap and was smiling hopefully. This might have been a mistake. I had a round, pink face anyway and always looked two or three years younger than I was. Up to the time I retired, at 29, the writers were still calling me Baby Face.

"That boy don't need a fight," Schuler said. "He needs a nurse."

Pop glared at him. Pop's clothes often looked as though they hadn't been pressed for six months—and often they hadn't been—but I never knew anything or anybody that could take away his dignity. "This boy's a lion," Pop said, good and loud, so that anybody else who was hanging around could hear it too. In spite of the way I felt inside I felt my shoulders squaring too.

POP'S COOKERY was put to good use in the lean winter of 1924 when he and his boy had to catch and stew crabs for the day's one big meal.



Pop and I started to march out of the gym.

Schuler came after us and explained a little more tactfully that boxing was under local police control and that he'd lose his license if he tried to use anybody who looked as young and defenseless as I looked. He suggested we go across the bay to Oakland, where the cops weren't quite so tough.

We got a room in Oakland near West Seventh Street, deep in the colored section. The first month's rent, which was \$15, left us less than \$4 to eat on until we could get a fight, or until Pop's next pension cheque came. But the room was only a few blocks from the Imperial gymnasium and I was able to work out there every day. It was also close to a saloon owned by Oakland's leading promoter, an ex-railway brakeman named Tommy Simpson, who had given Dempsey his first chance in the San Francisco area. We'd spend the mornings and late afternoons in the gym and in the early afternoons we'd go and see Simpson and try to talk him into giving me a fight. Simpson was very nice and very friendly, but he didn't see how he'd dare use me. Pop kept coaxing him to come down to the gym. "They won't hurt this boy," Pop promised, "because they won't hit him."

"I'm sorry," Simpson said. "If that kid's more than 13, I'm Methuselah."

During the next five weeks the problem of eating got acute, but it never got really out of hand. We had a gas burner in our room and a few dishes. Occasionally we'd buy a veal chop or a piece of round steak and a bushel of brussels sprouts, which you could get for a quarter if you waited until the markets were ready to close for the day. Pop would boil up a mess of brussels sprouts. He'd fry the chop or the steak, carefully cutting away all the fat for himself and giving me most of the lean.

When we got right down to hard rock, we went fishing for crabs. Late in the afternoon, when we'd finished our work in the gym, we'd walk down the Southern Pacific tracks to the edge of the Oakland mole. Pop, being an old seaman and dockhand himself, had no trouble making friends among the commercial fishermen who worked off the mole. We'd borrow a dory and a net and put out around dusk and stay out until we'd caught enough crabs for the day's big meal. Then we'd walk back home, me carrying the crabs in a pail and Pop shambling slowly along beside me on the legs he'd nearly lost in the war. We'd cook the crabs, usually with some brussels sprouts, and eat them and go to bed.

It wasn't a bad life. Plenty of people have had

worse. I wasn't feeling sorry for myself any more. I was just mad—mad because every day I went to the gym I saw a dozen or more fighters I was sure I could lick, and they were working regularly and I couldn't get enough work to pay for a haircut.

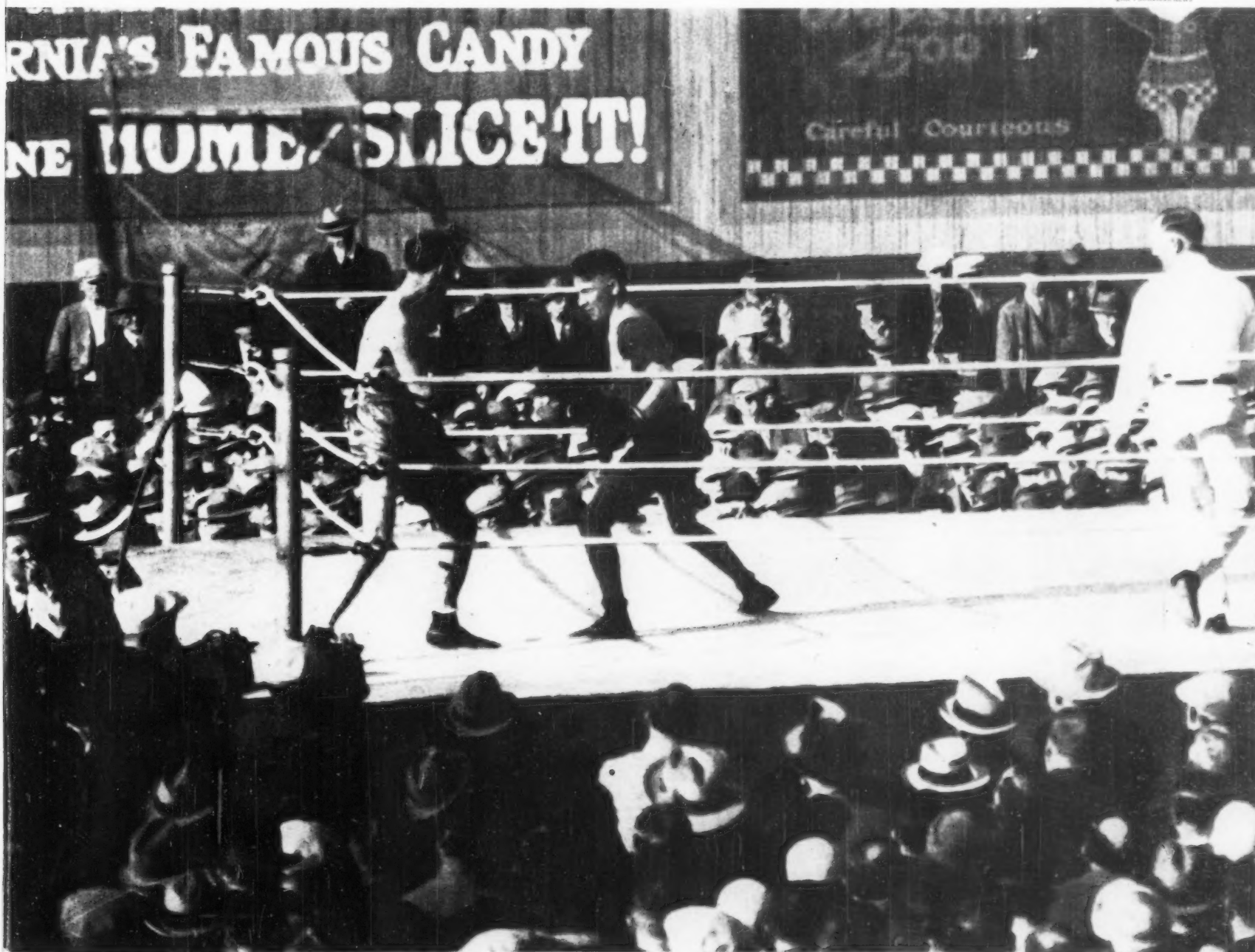
Finally, one day early in February, we got the break Pop insisted we were bound to get. I was in the Imperial gymnasium, getting ready to punch the bag, when Tommy Simpson, the promoter, came in. It was the first time we'd seen him in the gym.

Pop hurried over to him and said: "Glad you dropped in, Mr. Simpson. Jimmy's just getting ready to box." Then Pop started looking around among the other fighters who were working in the gym to find somebody for me to box against. As luck would have it, the smallest boxer he could find was Oakland Jimmy Duffy, the welterweight champion of California. Duffy weighed around 145 against my 108. He was training for a fight, and Al Broom, his manager, admitted he needed work but couldn't see what good boxing a flyweight would do him. Pop persuaded Broom that even if I couldn't offer any real opposition, I might be fast enough to help Duffy speed up his hitting.

We went three rounds. They don't show in my record and I didn't get a

Continued on page 39

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS



McLARNIN WAS IN A SLUMP when he met Cello; the papers said he was washed up at 19. His knockout of Kid Kaplan put him back in good standing.



The Terrible Secret of M. Laroche

TO A great many in the Quebec village of Beauval the death of Simon Laroche, the little watchmaker, who had become the great Senator Laroche, brought passing sorrow; to one man, however, it brought the greatest joy and sense of release from bondage he had known in 20 years.

Twenty years! Almost 20 years ago to the night, thought Jules Piton, the mayor of Beauval, also the local magnate and, next to the departed senator, most prominent man in the county. He had been sitting in this same office in the rear of his big general store when there had come a knock at the side door and when Jules Piton boomed, "*Oui—entrez,*" it was little Laroche who entered and took, without being bidden, the chair facing Jules Piton's desk—the suppliant's chair, for Jules was likewise a money-lender, a holder of mortgages, a man who knew well how to make a dollar, still better how to hold onto it. A hard, grasping man he was at that time, his only love, his only soft spot, being Marie-Germaine, his pretty dark-eyed daughter, whom he was marrying off to a rich and elderly farmer of Beauce, when everyone knew her real love was young Paul Allain, the schoolmaster.

"Now, what the devil!" thought Jules, staring with gimlet sharp grey eyes from under grey furry brows, at the watchmaker—"What the devil does this little monkey want? Money I won't give him, not on the security of his dingy little clock shop anyway."

Still he tried to be affable, letting his granite hard face come as near to smiling as it ever did, when he said, "Ah, *Monsieur Laroche*, it is a pleasure to see you. Not often do you come to call on me."

"Never," amended Simon, and there was a look in his eyes, a grin on his wide lips as if he hugged to himself some great and joyous secret. "Never before have I been here and I would not be here now but for the fact that on my day off I roam the deep woods."

Jules Piton looked puzzled. What foolery was this? Maybe Simon had gone crazy from listening to the ticking of those infernal clocks.

"I roam the deep woods, *Monsieur Piton*," went on Simon softly, "and so it was I came one hot afternoon to Lac Perdu."

Jules Piton stiffened, his every nerve on the alert, his strong heart suddenly stilled then beating with blows like a sledge hammer. Still he did not speak, but did not yield to the urge to moisten his dry lips with his tongue.

"You were swimming in Lost Lake, *monsieur*," said Simon. "It was such a lovely summer day you could not resist—and you had forgotten your bathing suit—"

To himself Piton swore an oath. He should not have taken such a chance that day; he knew that at the time, but 19 years of immunity, of a good successful life in this lost Quebec township,



The little clockmaker hid behind the tree.
On M. Piton's back he saw the brand.

By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

had lulled him into a sense of security that now, in this blinding moment, he knew to have been an illusion. Laroche's next words were the atom bomb of his life.

"What does it signify, *Monsieur Piton*—that letter 'M' branded so cleanly and beautifully on your back?"

Piton's hand reached into the top drawer of his desk and his trembling fingers closed on the automatic revolver he always kept there. His mind worked at fever clip; he could shoot this Laroche, he could say Laroche had tried to rob him, had gone suddenly crazy and attacked him—

"I would not use the gun," Simon's voice showed that he was still enjoying himself. "Before I came here I took the precaution to write a letter and leave it in safe hands—a letter telling what that 'M,' that brand of yours, means, *mon ami*—and the letter will be opened if anything untoward should happen to me."

Jules Piton spoke now—one word—one ugly word.

The little watchmaker shrugged it away. "I was always fascinated by tales of the French penal colony—Devil's Island—*He du diable*. I have read many, many books about it. That 'M' of yours, *monsieur*, is worn only by the most distinguished alumni of that harsh school—by men who tried to escape once and failed. You evidently made it the second time. The 'M' stands for *meurtrier*—murderer—is it not?"

Jules Piton's face was grey. Nineteen years of peace, of successful living, of being honored and bowed to, if not loved. He had come to Beauval without a sou, he had worked hard, married a lovely girl—dead these seven years—he had Marie-Germaine, a beautiful home, a car, money—and now, before the quiet laughter in Simon Laroche's sharp blue eyes, all these good things were turning to shadows. Once in anger he had killed a man in Marseilles—a seamen's brawl.

"What do you want of me, Laroche?" he asked quietly. In a voice that seemed not his own. "You know I could deny all this. No eye but yours—no, by the good God, not even my dead wife's or my daughter's has seen that cursed thing—"

"You could deny it," conceded Simon. "But these peasants would not believe you. Anyway, I fancy you could be extradited. France does not forget its bad boys, you know."

Piton knew it well. Sometimes, still, he would awaken in the darkness, covered with icy sweat, from a dream of the hideous swamps of Cayenne, or, worse still, from the very shadow of the guillotine.

"How much?" he said harshly. "Damn you for this! I have led a good life since I came here—"

"Good! You have the reputation of being the hardest and meanest man in five counties. You ask

Continued on page 32

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR



ERNEST RIDOUT, the low-brow of his family, became it's big success. He hires low-income salesmen, expects them to make over \$5,000 a year.

How To Get Rich Selling Houses

In 1946 Ernest Ridout left his milk wagon to grab a ride on the housing boom. With a weak heart and the gift of the gab he set out ringing doorbells, put himself on top of the real-estate heap. And he's still only 31

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WILMA, his wife, is in the business, can evaluate an unseen house to within \$500. Ridout's mother works for a rival real estate firm.



THE BROTHERS are in it too. Howard (left) spends \$10,000 a month on ads. George watches the books, puts new salesmen over the jumps.

By MCKENZIE PORTER

ERNEST RIDOUT, a 27-year-old milkman with blond hair, blue eyes and a grin like Mickey Rooney, finished his round in Toronto's east end one day in 1946, came to the conclusion that he was in the wrong business and said farewell to his horse.

Although he had been making a comfortable \$80 a week on commission delivering bottles, Ridout had a hunch that the postwar real-estate business was going to boom.

His door-to-door job brought him in contact with potential house buyers: newlyweds on the point of divorce through living with "in-laws" and mothers of six throwing nervous breakdowns through sharing kitchens with other housewives.

So he sat for an examination set by the Ontario

who opened the door since 1945 the housing member of Toronto real-

estate brokers from around 100 to nearly 400. But of them all, newcomers and long established, Ridout, according to the Toronto Real Estate Board, has been the most sensational success.

In less than five years he has come to be regarded as Canada's biggest realtor.

Now the ex-milkman lives with his wife and three children in a \$20,000 home, has two cars, a speed boat and a country cottage and employs two servants.

In 1949 Ridout sold \$15 millions worth of houses at an average of \$10,000 apiece. This year, at writing, he has already sold \$20 millions worth of property ranging from a lot for \$600 to an apartment block for \$200,000. In August he was offering his biggest listing ever—a downtown Ottawa estate for one million dollars. But the backbone of his business has always been the \$10,000 house for what he calls "the ordinary Joe."

He employs 75 salesmen, some of whom earn \$15,000 a year, and 35 stenographers, switchboard girls and clerks.

The head office of Ernest Ridout Ltd., a glass, chrome and rubber floor affair, is on Bay Street in

mid-town Toronto. He has three other branches in east, north and west Toronto. They are all neon lit and open from 8.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. six days a week. Ridout also has subagents throughout Ontario and working agreements with realtors in many U. S. cities.

He is a partner in Ridout, Harvie, Golightly Ltd., an insurance agency which underwrites some of the property he sells, and a director of the Geer Land Corporation, which provides mortgages for some of his clients. Although he used to say, "Fools build houses and wise men buy them," he now has interests in the construction business.

Ridout admits the housing crisis gave him his rocket rise. His staff reached four in 1946, 12 in 1947, 30 in 1948, 80 in 1949 and today is 100 plus. "It hasn't been that easy though," he says. "Scores of realtors folded while I was opening up."

His competitors say he is aggressive, shrewd and ruthless. Ridout insists that his success stems from cultivating the small buyer, hearing his housing and financial problems, and getting him the best home possible for his money. He says half of his new business

Continued on page 26



**MACLEAN'S
CHRISTMAS GIFT
SPECIAL RATES**

4 GIFTS for \$5.00

MILKMEN and other city men know when their customers feel like moving. Ridout, the ex-milkman, cultivates them for profitable leads.



MEDIUM-SIZE HOUSES form the backbone of Ridout's business. Last year he sold \$15 millions worth of them at an average price of \$10,000.

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



ERNEST RIDOUT, the low-brow of his family, became it's big success. He hires low-income salesmen, expects them to

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MACLEAN'S CHRISTMAS *Gift* SUBSCRIPTIONS

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- 3 GIFTS for \$4.50
- 2 GIFTS for \$3.50
- 1 GIFT for \$2.00

Additional gifts, in excess of four,
cost only \$1.25 each.



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So he sat for an examination set by the Ontario Securities Commission and became a licensed real-estate broker.

He was not the only man who opened the door when opportunity knocked. Since 1945 the housing boom has swelled the number of Toronto real-

estate brokers from around 100 to nearly 400. But of them all, newcomers and long established, Ridout, according to the Toronto Real Estate Board, has been the most sensational success.

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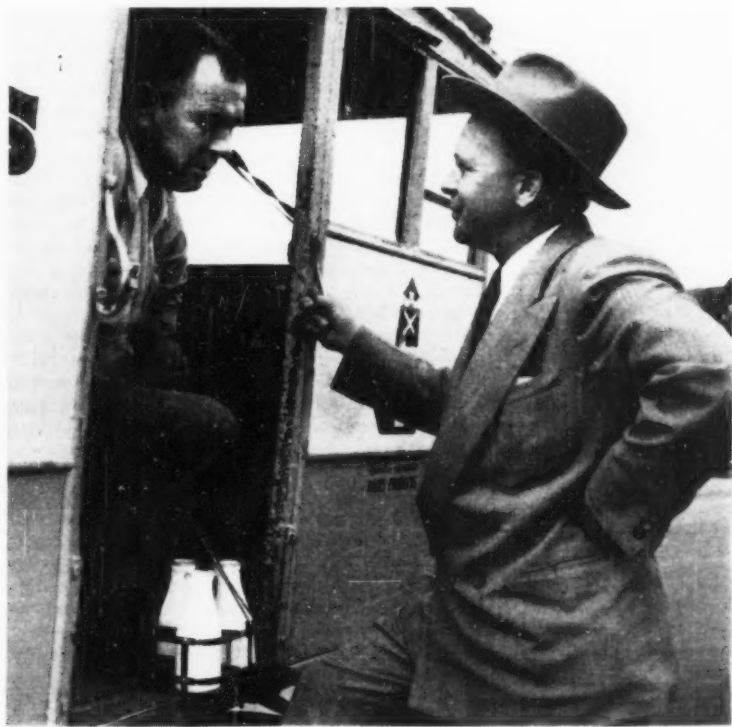
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PHOTOS BY BEN BELL



DRAWINGS BY MEL CRAWFORD

The tailors smiled gamely and said they would take another shot at it.

I've Got BOND S

By ERIC NICOL

IT WAS while in London recently that I first suspected my need for a new suit. In Piccadilly one day I dropped a farthing through a worn-out pants pocket and bent down to pick it up. When I straightened up I surprised a young woman in the act of primping in the seat of my trousers. I was so shocked to find myself a walking powder room that I dropped the farthing and stumbled away with the unhappy thought that my old blue serge might be mortal.

The idea shook me. The blue serge had worn like iron, one of the sweetest jobs ever turned out by the Esquire Tent and Awning Company (Vancouver) Ltd. But the Piccadilly incident proved it was no longer adequate for a person in my position (bent over). Besides, the pockets had reached a degree of disintegration that not only permitted me the frustration of finding my own money on the sidewalk, but occasionally trapped my whole hand in their purse seine.

So, nothing for it but to buy a suit in London. I had heard a good deal about the excellence of English tailoring and decided to have my suit custom-built and develop my shoulders. I knew no tailors personally. I appealed to my aunt, who I thought would know Savile Row well enough to avoid taking me there.

Aunt Margaret took me to the sons of her own tailor, a charming pair of West End barracuda whose shop on Bond Street had that drabness which is Old English for Exclusive As All Get Out, the interior lighting dependent on the sudden pallor of people being told the prices.

The two young tailors, suave, impeccably suited, welcomed us and one of them said: "Ah, yes, you're the gentleman Mr. Douglas Fairbanks said would be in."

"Mr. Douglas Fairbanks?" I grinned, ready for the joke to come.

"Yes. You know Mr. Fairbanks, I believe?"

The joke wasn't coming. They really thought I should know Douglas Fairbanks. Otherwise, what was I doing on their side of the door?

Crimsoning, I said, "I saw Mr. Fairbanks in 'The Mark of Zorro' but we've never met formally."

Those STREET BLUES

West End tailors wound herringbone around Eric's bones and sent his snob appeal sky high. But back in Canada, friends mistook him for a fugitive from a silent movie



The welcoming smiles faded. For a moment there was no sound in the shop but the sighing of my suspenders as I shrank to half life-size.

Luckily Aunt Margaret was able to produce a name that softened the stiffness of the brothers' manner, and we all started looking at bits of cloth in a pad, none of which looked big enough for a suit for me, certainly not a suit I could wear in public.

Aunt Margaret had decided that what I wanted was a grey suit. She wanted something that would be right for Mayfair in summer. I wanted something that would be right for Toronto's South Spadina 365 days of the year. The tailors wanted something that would get rid of us.

Finally one of them brought out a couple of bolts of cloth. One was a light grey, a very busy herringbone, which Aunt Margaret decided I was crazy about. Then he let me have the second bolt: the price.

Probably noting that my complexion had turned to pure anthracite ash, one of the brothers pointed out that I could buy the suit on the export plan. With this export plan, I found, you pay less, pick up the suit at the airport of departure from Great Britain, and enjoy several delirious hours of possessing the package before Canadian Customs makes you pay the equivalent of what you thought you were saving by leaving England before you were ready.

The price quoted was still more than I had expected to pay, but I felt that the honor of the senior dominion was at stake, so I nodded speechlessly. I was immediately set upon by three little men—like Gulliver by the Lilliputians—tying me down, up and sideways with tapes and uttering mysterious sounds to each other, among which I could distinguish only qualified approval of my chest and pungent silence about the length of my legs.

They asked me a good many mutually embarrassing questions about the Canadian-cut blue serge I was wearing and which, thanks to a couple of years of European rations, fitted me like a maternity smock. They wanted to know if I was addicted

to flaps on the pockets and pleats at the knees. They assumed I wanted the trousers scalloped with watch pockets. They explained the difference between the English zip and the Canadian zipper, the reason why the nation that was first with radar and jet engines still trusts only the button.

As we were leaving I expected the tailors to say something about a deposit and I sort of hung around waiting for them to remember to ask me, thereby giving our exit every bit as much awkward shuffling as our entrance. Not until I was walking lightheadedly toward Piccadilly did Aunt Margaret remind that the English tailor never feels he is serving a gentleman unless there is a bill outstanding. I felt much better. I could see where my tailors and I would get along just fine.

The Tailor's Lip Trembled

A couple of weeks later I was summoned by the tailors for a fitting. As I entered the shop I noticed for the first time the heraldic crest on the window. My tailors were By Appointment to Guess Who? A germ of snobbery in my system promptly began to multiply.

The tailors had the suit all sewn together with white thread. I got into it and, after reaching the verdict that I was disproportionate, they tore the suit to pieces before my very eyes: first one sleeve, then the other, then the collar, and finally a lot of horsing around where the legs joined. It was straight out of something written for Jimmy Durante. After they had the suit in rags the tailors smiled gamely and said they'd let me know when they were ready to take another shot at it.

A week later they called me in again. This time they didn't bother putting the suit on me. They just brought it in and tore it to pieces immediately. I sensed they had come to believe that I changed shape, like the bladder fish, according to season or sudden sounds. They were trying to find my maximum size, then they'd build for that.

The smallest and oldest tailor who did all the work (the others stood by horrified) didn't actually break down, but I could see his lip was trembling.

I shook hands with him before I left, giving an extra squeeze to buck him up a bit.

In the weeks that followed I lost track of the number of fittings. Toward the end the two brothers in charge weren't in the shop any more. They fled to Cornwall, the rockier part, leaving the little old fellow who held the trousers off the floor so that I had to high jump into them.

But gradually he closed in on me. One day there was a distinct glint of hope in the old tailor's eyes as he fitted the padding over my shoulders. The suit was now perfectly molded to my body, especially if I didn't button it up.

Soon afterward I and the parcel were winging home to Canada. I was eager to break out my English-tailored rig and remind my friends how close they still lived to the frontier.

In a Toronto hotel room I put on the completed suit for the first time. Looking at myself in the mirror, by the flickering light of the Ontario hydro, I felt the first pang of doubt. I looked like the heavy in an early silent movie starring Pola Negri.

At a reunion of friends whose suits hung in generous folds of primary colors, my grey girdle-cut herringbone failed to excite the respect its price and fittings demanded.

"How do you like the suit?" I asked.

After a moment somebody said: "Fine. Whose is it?"

I ignored that. "From the London West End," I said, passing around the label. "Very exclusive tailor. Pretty snazzy, hah?"

My friends regarded the suit coldly. While I stood in shrinking cuffs and taut jacket one began to whistle mournfully, "There'll Always Be An England." The rest murmured something and found reasons to leave the room or open windows.

In that ghastly instant I realized that Canada is no longer a sartorial dominion, that she looks not to St. James but to Harry James for the word about tweeds. I was quaint.

I am now in the market for suggestions about how to take a large mirror out of the sitting room of an old blue serge suit. ★

THE SHMOO OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

Canada's caribou is a real department store on four legs. He provides food, clothing, heat, weapons, even salad. Yet all the recognition he gets is his face on the back of a coin



By IAN McNEILL

WHAT the prodigal shmoo was to Li'l Abner's comic strip world the Barren Ground caribou is to thousands of Indians, Eskimos and whites in Canada's far north. Though he can't, like the shmoo, produce butter, eggs and milk on a moment's notice the caribou provides an equally varied menu including salad. In fact he goes the shmoo several better. He not only gives with the food but with clothing, shelter, bedding, heat, light, utensils and weapons. He also provides biologists and naturalists with headaches and an increasing number of white men with hunting.

Yet the only public recognition the caribou gets is his picture on the back of our quarter. Even then it's not a very good likeness because caribou with perfect antlers—such as the one on the coin has got—are as rare as gondolas on the Mackenzie.

Ah-tik, the Crees call him. He's tuk-tuk to the Eskimos. In a dozen different dialects he spells the difference between famine and plenty in the huge area bounded by the Yukon, the Arctic islands, Hudson Bay and the spruce forests of the northern prairie provinces.

When ice spears begin to edge the lakes, when the frosted muskeg tufts crunch underfoot and the birch flares yellow in the stunted spruce forests, the North stirs with anticipation—an anticipation edged with apprehension. In trading posts and Indian villages, on portages and fast-freezing lakes, men greet one another with a single phrase, "Where are the caribou?" Reports are exchanged, prophecies made, theories discussed, rumors scotched.

Way to the north, sleek and fat from their summer's grazing in the Arctic prairies, the caribou are beginning to move south. In little groups first, then in dozens, in scores, in hundreds, they start. The hundreds become thousands and the thousands hundreds of thousands until the vast

north is threaded with their herds. Yet these are only the vanguards of an army that may number millions. An army of supply.

For years the caribou may follow the same lines of march. Then, for no known reason, a column may desert an old trail, maybe appearing 100 or 200 miles away. Such a shift means hardship for folks in the north. In the past, before governments provided swift and efficient relief services, whole Indian and inland Eskimo tribes were wiped out by starvation when the caribou failed them. In such times cannibalism was not uncommon. A shift by the caribou can still mean death to natives and whites.

In the late 20's Jack Hornby, an Oxford graduate, took two English public schoolboys, Edgar Christian and Harold Adlard, into the Northwest Territories for a winter's trapping. Because it was a good caribou district they decided to live mainly "on the country." A prospector found their cabin the following summer. The bodies of Hornby and Adlard were outside, sewn in canvas. Christian's bones were inside the cabin. Mounties had little difficulty in determining the cause of death—starvation. The caribou had not passed.

More than any other creature, more even than the raffish whisky-jack, the caribou is the symbol of Canada's North. Along with the bison and the beaver he played an important part in the building of Canada, a role that, unlike theirs, has diminished little. He has charm. He's also naïve, curious,

erratic and even stupid, all in rather a likeable way.

Curiosity is one of his strongest traits. He retains a friendly and suicidal interest in man. Hunters can sometimes bring an animal within a few yards merely by holding an arm in the air or waving something. One hunter with a red hat found it had an immense attraction for caribou. Others have told of walking bang into the middle of a herd without frightening the animals. One man had to slap a drowsing caribou on the nose before it would move from his path.

In looks the caribou is a ringer for the fabled reindeer of Santa Claus—maybe a little bigger and rangier. And it actually is a wild variety of reindeer, being a probable descendant of the reindeer which once roamed Europe as far south as Italy.

The Canadian Wild Life Service is at present trying to find out more about Canada's six species of caribou through difficult and expensive research by plane, foot and microscope. The service, under Dr. Harrison F. Lewis, is concentrating particularly on why the caribou varies his migratory routes.

Two major migrations as long as 1,000 miles are made each year. "They come like the fog, filling the land, and like the fog they go," say the Indians. Unlike deer and moose, who restrict themselves to relatively small ranges, the caribou is always on the move, even between migrations, foraging for new pasture or trying to escape the flies.

Even the does stop only a few hours for fawning. The shaky-legged fawn—

Continued on page 28

The caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was arranged for them by the Great Spirit.

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Real Estate's Wonder Boy

Continued from page 21

comes from the recommendations of well-suited buyers and sellers.

Ridout has been helped full time from the beginning by his wife Wilma who manages the East End branch. Wilma, he says, can estimate to within \$500 the value of any house in Toronto from a telephoned description. She knows the form so well—and the prices of houses on each street—that a few questions (What kind of floors? What kind of plumbing?) give her the answer.

Before his first year was out he was joined by his two brothers.

Younger brother George, a music and book lover, is a cripple from polio and a former accountant with a motor firm. Today he's the administrative brains of the business. He is also in charge of a rigorous training course which Ridout salesmen must pass before they are employed.

Older Howard, a chess and tennis enthusiast who once worked for an advertising agency, now controls Ridout advertising. He spends \$10,000 a month on newspaper and radio space. From a table of averages compiled during the last five years Howard says he can estimate to within a cent what the commission returns will be on every dollar invested in any given ad. From his tables he can estimate almost the exact number of phone calls a classified ad of a certain size will bring.

A family friend says, "Ernest is the motor, George the brakes and Howard the chromium fittings."

Ridout's three married sisters work for him periodically whenever a sales spurt overtaxes the office staff.

His mother, who brought up the family on a World War One widow's pension of \$125 monthly, works for Gertrude Tate, a realtor specializing in homes above \$20,000, and is often in competition with her own son. Ernest once snatched a house listing from under his mother's nose.

A Ground Floor Man

She still insists on living in the Dewhurst Boulevard home where Ernest was born in 1919. His father died in 1928 of war gas injuries. Mrs. Ridout, struggling to polish her children with English ideas of gentility, managed with all but Ernest. The others took music lessons and spoke grammatically. Ernest became an urchin with the gift of the gab. He once threw a pie at his older sister Eve and then sold his mother the idea that she must pay for the damage to the wall because she ducked.

At 10 Ernest started working for a grocer, two hours before school, an hour at midday, two hours in the evening. On Saturdays he worked from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. His wage was \$2 weekly. He was ambitious. He used to say to his mother, "Mom, I seen a car I'm gonna buy you." His mother chided: "I have seen . . . I have seen . . ."

Ernest bought a water pistol and gave his mother instructions to squirt him in the ear at 5.30 a.m. daily so he wouldn't be late for work.

By the time he was 12 he was making dates with girls. At 16 he bought an old Essex car and hawked fruit. At 19 he married Wilma Taylor, a neighbor's daughter, and for six months they rented a broken-down farm 20 miles north of Toronto for \$8 a month. Ernest made the owner paint the exterior before he'd take it.

Then he became a street photographer. He specialized on snapping children. He tried aerial photography and went broke

A heart condition kept him out of the services and he got a milk route. He concentrated on ground floor customers. Every time he got a new ground floor customer he would drop one on the second floor. It was tough tactics but it paid off in time and strength and income.

In the afternoons he sold real estate for an East End broker. "I used to get all the houses under \$2,000," he says. "But I was making more than the other guys." Although he had to be up at 3 a.m. for his milk job he sometimes didn't get home from real estate until 1 a.m. and would snatch 40 winks on the bed in his clothes.

After the war he went into real estate full time. Like all new realtors, Ridout found his first problem was finding a house to sell. This is called "getting a listing." Competition is fierce. The day an owner advertises his house independently a dozen realtors are on his doorstep offering their services.

They tell the owner they will bring only likely buyers thereby saving him from the nuisance of showing it to many poor prospects. They point out that they are qualified by examinations to estimate the market value of a house accurately thus protecting the seller from accepting too little or from loss of time through hanging on for too much. They are ready to guide him through the tricky legal formula of the "offer to purchase," which is a binding document committing the potential buyer to forfeit of his deposit should he change his mind.

The realtor also pays for all advertising and transports all viewers to the house.

The seller usually sees some advantage in using an agent. The fee is fixed by agreement through the realtor's own organization—in Ridout's case the Toronto Real Estate Board. This is 3½% on the sale price of the house.

Most realtors seek what is known as "an exclusive listing," an agreement by the seller not to employ any competing realtor. But in cases where difficulty in sale is anticipated—a house may be too large or unorthodox—the realtor often advises the seller to give it a co-operative listing.

This means that the house is put in the hands of all the agents who are members of the local board. A fee of 5% is then charged and divided between the realtor who actually obtains the listing and any other who makes the sale.

When he started out Ridout read the newspaper ad columns diligently and was on the doorstep of many homes that were offered for sale privately. He concentrated on the East End and says he quickly got the bulk of the listings because, as a milkman, he had become known to many people.

It Was All-Night Work

Today one of his salesmen makes a specialty of cultivating milkmen, breadmen, icemen, and other deliverymen who generally know where houses are for sale.

Ridout used other methods too. He contacted lawyers and asked them for the names of clients who might be putting houses on the market. In registry offices he compiled lists of homeowners who were renting to tenants, then visited each in turn and asked if they wished to sell. He got leads from obituaries and wills published in the press. He solicited builders for the rights to handle new projects. He advertised that he wanted houses for sale. He even knocked at doors "blind" and asked people if they cared to sell. "You have to be aggressive,"

says Ridout, "and have the ability to make people like you."

Now that he's well known, listings are no longer a problem. Buyers are easy to find but not always easy to please.

Ridout sold only one house in his first month; 12 in the second. The front parlor was full of buyers until midnight. Wilma, his wife, kept them there with chatter and innumerable cups of tea while Ridout took out the viewers in turns. When all the viewings were over Ridout and Wilma would sit up until 4 a.m. bringing their books up to date. Brothers George and Howard came in to help after their own day's work was done. One heady night Ernest sold eight houses and made himself more than \$1,000. George and Howard quit their other jobs.

The Ridouts plowed profits back into the business, opening up offices, employing salesmen, buying good cars to run their buyers around, and splashing on advertisements.

Once at midnight a seller, impatient about the slow disposal of his house, threatened to withdraw the listing and take it to another agent. The Ridouts mollified him over a bottle of rye and took him home singing at 3 a.m.

One buyer was so dithery that Ernest sat with him from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m. before he wrote a shaky signature on the "offer to purchase." Two years later Ernest sold the same house for this man at \$1,500 profit.

George and Ernest once arrived with two separate couples to see a house at the same time. Both sides wanted it. The women quarreled so violently they started tearing each other's clothing. The brothers decided that neither couple would get it.

Monthly Prize: A New Suit

Every month Ridout now tries out between six and a dozen aspiring salesmen. They go through a course based on his own methods. This lasts six weeks and consists of daily lectures on effective use of the telephone, advertisement writing, insurance, mortgages, property appraisal, legal procedure, and even public speaking.

In a written examination one of the tests is putting into simple English the windy lawyers' documents associated with property investment.

Often prospective buyers stipulate they want a house in a specific neighborhood. No other will do. If Ridout has none listed in this area he sends out his rookies knocking at doors until they find somebody willing to sell.

Toward the end of the course recruits go off to see prospective buyers and sellers. At first they never know whether they're going to meet a genuine client or a "plant" who is part of the curriculum. Fewer than half the trainees survive.

Ridout prefers recruits from low income jobs: they're keener to make big money. His staff today includes a former taxidriver, a milkman, police-

man and trucker. One of his star salesmen is an ex-handyman who now earns \$8,000 a year. He has one former bank manager who through making the change has tripled his income. Several Ridout salesmen gave up their own real estate businesses to join him.

Ridout claims his good salesmen average \$7,500 a year. If a man can't earn \$5,000 a year he fires him. A few make \$15,000. One or two who got up to \$25,000 a year left Ridout and started in for themselves.

Like most other real estate salesmen they work on commission only. The Ridout firm takes the 3½% on the sale price of every house and splits it fifty-fifty with the salesman who makes the deal. Out of his half Ridout pays for all advertising and office upkeep. Salesmen buy and maintain their own cars, although Ridout gets them new ones at a discount through fleet rates.

Each month Ridout buys his most successful salesman a new suit. A few of his topnotchers have wardrobes that would delight a diplomat. He insists on well-dressed men and is finicky about them keeping their cars tidy. Some salesmen have their cars washed twice a week. Once a year Ridout throws a lavish party for the whole staff. The last one cost him \$2,000. He prefers married men and all new fathers on his staff get a gift of \$100. A Ridout salesman's first qualification must be the ability to make Ridout like him.

One of Ridout's critics says his practice of recruiting salesmen outside the white-collar field is "lowering the tone of the profession." Ridout says he's more interested in results than tone. "Men who've not been used to earning much are all the keener once they get the chance."

Ridout doesn't look for a slump in house prices. "A house is 90% labor and as long as bricklayers can earn \$2 an hour there won't be much change," he says.

He Can Cook, Too

Although confident, Ridout is far from cocky. He has a sunny modesty which has won many a female client and seems to hold his staff spellbound. Once when he was passing through the outer office and the stenographers smiled respectfully he said, "Aw shucks, I feel like a jerk!" He finds being a boss doesn't come naturally. He has ordered the use of Christian names throughout the business, from office boy to top executive, except in the presence of customers when "Mister" is exchanged at all levels.

Self styled "lowbrow of the family," Ridout will say sardonically to his brother George, who likes classical records, "Play me the third movement from Shakespeare," or to chess-playing Howard, "Give me a set of trap drums any day."

At home he likes jive sessions. His greatest accomplishment musically was the addition of his clarion baritone to a prize-winning Kiwanis quartet.

Once his guests saw him wave away his wife Wilma and himself cook an excellent turkey dinner for 12.

At 31 Ernest Ridout has been told by his doctors to take it easy. He says, "I had bred a monster and it was beginning to own me." Now he does much of his business on fishing trips and golfing week ends. This summer he spent 14 days unbroken holiday for the first time in his life at a sumptuous rented cottage in Muskoka with his wife, three children, servants, and numerous guests. To one of his guests he said: "I feel more like 51 than 31 just puttering about up here." The guest replied: "Most men who've done what you've done are 51!" ★

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MAG-I-N



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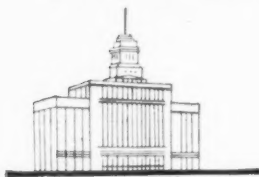
"Leaves," mused Jim, "remind me of money. You think you have a bit piled up, and . . . whoosh! gone with the wind!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Eddie, "I figure there's three angles to successful saving. First, tuck it away where it's available for real emergencies, but not just lying ready to spend at the slightest whim. Second, force yourself to save regularly, and third, and most important, invest where you have confidence."

"Insurance," he continued, "is the logical answer. And for my money, Canada Life is the Company."

"Why Canada Life?"

"Confidence," replied Eddie. "You can't beat 'em. They have a reputation for sound financing that's been growing for 102 years!"



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The CANADA LIFE
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The Shmoo of the North Country

Continued from page 24

almost always births are single and a doe may kill one of twin offspring—is soon able to follow the rest of the herd.

The first trek begins in late March or early April in the fringe of the tree belt and takes the caribou to their fawning grounds in the northern Barren Lands and the Arctic islands. The second brings them back south around the mating season.

There appear to be two logical reasons for these treks. Scrubby though it is the tree-line bush affords some protection from the Arctic winter. It also filters some of the snow which hides the caribou's winter diet of moss and lichens. But the caribou happily crosses up the logical deductions of biologists: at any time of the year he can be found at either extreme end of his north-south range.

The sight of these migratory herds has always fascinated the northern traveler. In 1877 Frank Russell reported an unbroken line of caribou crossed a frozen lake near Fort Far for 14 days "in such a mass that daylight couldn't be seen through the columns." A Royal Northwest Mounted Police inspector said that literally millions passed Fort Fitzgerald one winter early in this century. The snow was trampled to ice for miles around by the passing herds.

Murderous "Sport"

Police once tried to take a census of part of the Lake Athabaska herd. The animals were traveling, four and five abreast, through a narrow draw. For three days and three nights they moved in an unbroken column. The Mounties gave up trying to count. When the animals had passed the carcasses of 400 lay in the snow, trampled to death in the crush.

The parkland areas of the north are laced with their trails, packed to cementlike hardness, making fine traveling for the prospector or hunter who happens to be going the same way. Even in solid granite you can see the paths.

How many caribou are there? Vilhjalmur Stefansson told a royal commission in 1922 there were between 20 and 30 millions in the Barren Lands. But Dr. Harrison Lewis says that "the best information today indicates strongly that these inland herds of Barren Ground caribou—between Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie River—number less than a million."

In the past it was feared that caribou, in spite of their great numbers, would meet the same fate as the bison. Now it seems likely the herds are increasing. Indiscriminate slaughter still goes on though it is no longer at all prevalent. At some Indian killing grounds hair and caribou parts are littered for almost an acre, sometimes a foot deep. A white trader, barely moving from his cabin door, once shot 200 caribou in a single afternoon. That was his winter's supply of dog food. It's estimated that 150 caribou are needed to supply the needs of an Eskimo family and their dogs for one winter.

Recently the caribou has become popular as a "sport" animal in northern Saskatchewan. Few animals are easier to kill. When frightened caribou almost always panic, milling in a terrified tight-packed mass. Hunters need only to fire into it to kill or wound an animal.

"It's murder. There's no sport to it," says a trapper who has seen these hunters in action. "Sure they use the

meat but by the time their expenses are paid it costs more than prime beef."

The Saskatchewan Government is looking askance at the sport even though it brings in many U. S. dollars. "There was a season this winter but no publicity was given to it by our department," says E. L. Paynter, provincial game commissioner. "Actually we had seriously considered discontinuing the sport because caribou are so important to the economy of our northland residents."

It's not that sportsmen are seriously depleting the herds, Paynter says. Saskatchewan is worried about the "psychological effect" of sport hunting on the natives in the midst of a campaign to educate them in conservation.

"We don't object to the native using what he requires for food," he says, "but we do object to letting meat waste or feeding it to dogs when fish is available."

Dogrib Indians once stalked herds with a caribou skin and antlers sewn together like a musical-comedy horse. Eskimo hunters, using bows and arrows, approach a herd in pairs and stand at some distance. Almost invariably a caribou will be overcome with curiosity and head for them. Both hunters retreat, the caribou following. Then, while his companion keeps on, one hunter will duck behind a snowdrift or boulder, shooting the caribou as it passes.

Much of the caribou's apparent stupidity must be attributed to vision. Though his senses of smell and hearing are acute he has poor eyesight. Eskimos believe this is evidence that their Great Spirit answered their prayers when they complained they could not hunt the caribou because of his keen sight. The Spirit, they say, shrank his eye.

The inland Eskimo has woven many tales and taboos around the caribou. Among some tribes, for instance, women always pierce a dead caribou's eyes before dressing it out. Thus the caribou will not see what happens to it and its spirit will not warn other caribou of their possible fate. Other Eskimos won't kill caribou with any piece of wood such as an axe handle or a club. They fear the caribou herds might stay in their treeless Arctic retreats away from the dangerous fringes of the tree line.

But if the caribou has poor eyesight nature has more than compensated him in other ways. Each hair of his coat is a tiny hollow quill, an insulating feature which makes caribou-skin clothing ideal for Arctic travel. This coat also makes him an excellent swimmer—it buoys him up so that he seems almost to be walking on the water. Lifebelts were once filled with caribou hair.

His feet combine all the best features of skates, snowshoes, sneakers and paddles. Crossing treacherous muskegs or bucking 20-foot snowdrifts his webbed toes fan out and it's estimated that his downward pressure is reduced to about two pounds per square inch, about one quarter that of other members of the deer family. The great central pad of his foot shrinks somewhat in winter and the shell of the hoof grows quickly—thus, still equipped with snowshoes, the caribou now has skates as well. Trappers tell of seeing caribou playing on the smooth surface of windswept lakes, sliding like school-kids for hours with never a fall. They're equally surefooted in places you'd think were fit only for mountain goats and eagles.

One feature of the foot that isn't completely understood is the curious heel-click that accompanies each step. A few caribou passing sound like a fast crap game or a gypsy dancer's

Continued on page 32

Elegant, Easy and Economical

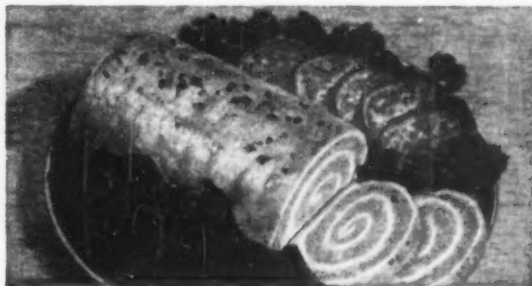
Canned Salmon is the key to Hearty, Nutritious Planked Salmon

Two 1½-lb. cans of Salmon
Mashed potatoes to serve 4
1 can string beans
2 tablespoons cream
2 tablespoons melted butter.

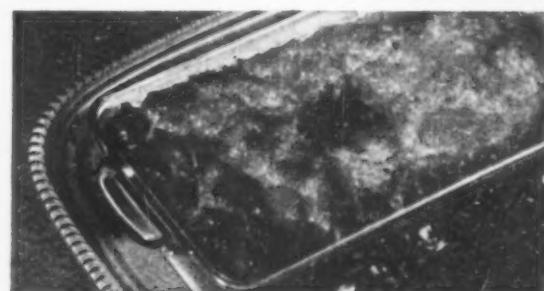
Take the Salmon from cans, drain and cut in halves. Space evenly in centre of well-greased baking plank or cookie sheet; place in 350 degree F. oven for 5 minutes. Baste with cream to keep deliciously moist. Heat beans. Mash and season potatoes. Remove Salmon from oven, drain beans and surround Salmon. Circle plank with potatoes fluffed into peaks. Over beans and potatoes put melted butter and place in oven for 15 minutes or until potatoes browned. Serve on baking plate or platter piping hot. Serves four.



SALMON BASKETS. Make baskets by placing 2 slices of bread, crusts removed, into buttered custard cup. Bake at 375 degrees F., 5-10 mins. Flake 1 lb. Salmon and fill hot baskets. Make sauce by melting ¼ cup butter with 2 egg yolks in double boiler, stirring constantly. Water in bottom of double boiler should not be boiling. As mixture thickens, add another ¼ cup butter. When thick, remove from heat, add seasonings. Pour sauce over Salmon Baskets.



SALMON ROLL. Make favorite biscuit recipe (2 cups flour). Roll out on a floured board to ¼-½" thick. Mix together ½ lb. flaked Canned Salmon, 4 tbsp. milk, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tbsp. chopped onions. Season with ½ tsp. salt and 1½ tsp. chopped parsley. Spread evenly on dough. Roll up like a jelly roll and bake on a baking sheet in 425 degree F. oven, 30-35 minutes. Serve with hot egg sauce.



SALMON LOAF. Scald 1½ cups milk, add ¾ cup bread crumbs; cook 5 mins., stirring constantly. Add 3 beaten egg yolks and cook over hot water (double boiler) 5 mins., still stirring. Cool slightly, add 2 cups flaked salmon, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tbsp. lemon juice and ¼ tsp. lemon rind. Finally fold in 3 well beaten egg whites. Turn into greased loaf dish, set in hot water and bake ¾ hour in 350-375 degrees F. oven. Serves four.

Economy minded? You'll appreciate the way Canned Salmon can be extended so many ways in hot dishes to bring the price per serving surprisingly low. If you're one to keep a sharp lookout for nutritional values and strive for properly balanced

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THE RETURN

BY Edward Heade



Ricky illustrated this. He mostly draws bears, miners, cows, farmers, moose and bushmen because he knows and likes them.

Jimmy Wallace had been gone from the north a year, and now he was back.

That June day, a year ago, when he had crawled out of the bush dragging his broken, splintered leg behind him, was a day deep-etched in his memory. He remembered his delirium, the burning fever, and above all, the whining stinging swarm of flies that followed his blood smell.

There had been moments when he thought he wouldn't make it, but he kept on crawling, and then suddenly, unbelievably, he saw the camp through the fringe of shore-line jackpine, the sprawl of tents and tar-paper shacks, with the glint of the blue lake beyond. Dimly, he remembered the blur of familiar faces coming toward him, the arms of friends, and later, the soaring flight of the plane southward to the city.

He had then a year in and out of hospital, of being caged in the den of city life. But at last he sat in the park staring morosely at the diagram of geranium beds and green grass plots, and he thought again of the northland. An overwhelming nostalgia came over him, and he felt a twist at his heart.

He rose and hobbled into the street, straight to the ticket office. His bad leg still hurt, but he was going north. Sure, there was work he could get to do. With eloquent profanity, he derided himself for having taken so long coming to such a simple decision.

Now Jimmy Wallace was back. He had, of course, expected some change in the camp. Since he left it, the place had become a new name in Canada, a new place in the world. It was another of those

Golcondas that Canadians are forever building in the wilderness.

And, too, he had somehow expected that his old friends would be on hand to greet him. After all, he was one of the originals in the camp, practically a pioneer. He had visualized the handshaking, the back-slapping, and afterwards, in some prospector's shack, the long tall yarns, the turning back of time.

But now, standing on the lake-shore, he saw the changes wrought in a year. Everything once familiar had vanished. The old shack camp had disappeared. A town stood there in its place. No one came forward to greet him. He saw none he knew. A man passed him and did not speak. A crew of workmen sorting freight high on the beach looked at him and did not know him. He was a stranger, unknown, lonely, forgotten.

Limping, with his pack on his shoulder, he advanced into the town. It had a tiny post office, a church, a bank, stores, hotels and houses, and workmen were busy finishing a new outpost hospital. Far out, where the road climbed into the hills, he could see the clustered buildings of two mineheads.

Behind the main street, in a new clearing littered with stumps, he saw a painted schoolhouse with a bleached flagpole above it.

The sight of the flagpole did something to Jimmy Wallace. He would never have said he was patriotic, and certainly wouldn't have believed a piece of stamped cloth could move him as he was moved at that moment. It wasn't really patriotism, he told himself—just a flag on a new school in a new town on a northland trail he had helped to blaze. And it





Cook, miner, bookkeeper, logger, sailor and soldier, Canadian Edward Meade's best-selling novel, "Remember Me", has been called the finest story ever written about a man at war. But "Remember Me" was published in Britain and is not well known to Canadian readers. The *Montreal Standard* printed it as their "novel of the week." The only bound Canadian edition is available through The Reprint Society of Canada . . .

was, too, the sudden realization of what it had taken to bring that flag three hundred miles into the wilderness—the courage, the resolution, the strength of a people.

He plodded on. Men and women passed him and some nodded, as people do to a stranger. Children played around trucks loaded with supplies for the mines. From open doors he heard voices and laughter, and a radio playing in an upstairs window.

In the whole town there was no one he knew. Clearly, his old friends had moved north. They were up ahead somewhere in the hills, on a new trail. In time there would be another town. It was the way the country was going, northward, into the new Canada.

Jimmy Wallace felt lost and lonely, left behind, and he stood looking around, wondering what to do with himself. It was then his eyes fell on a crudely lettered sign-post across the road. He read it twice before he realized what it meant:

WALLACE ST.

His eyes sparkled and he threw out his chest a little. He wasn't forgotten after all!

All at once the sun-glare seemed too bright. Jimmy Wallace pulled his old sweat-stained hat lower over his eyes, and rubbed his chin stubble for a time. Then, hitching his trousers, he turned resolutely across the street to where a truck driver stood by the open door of his cab.

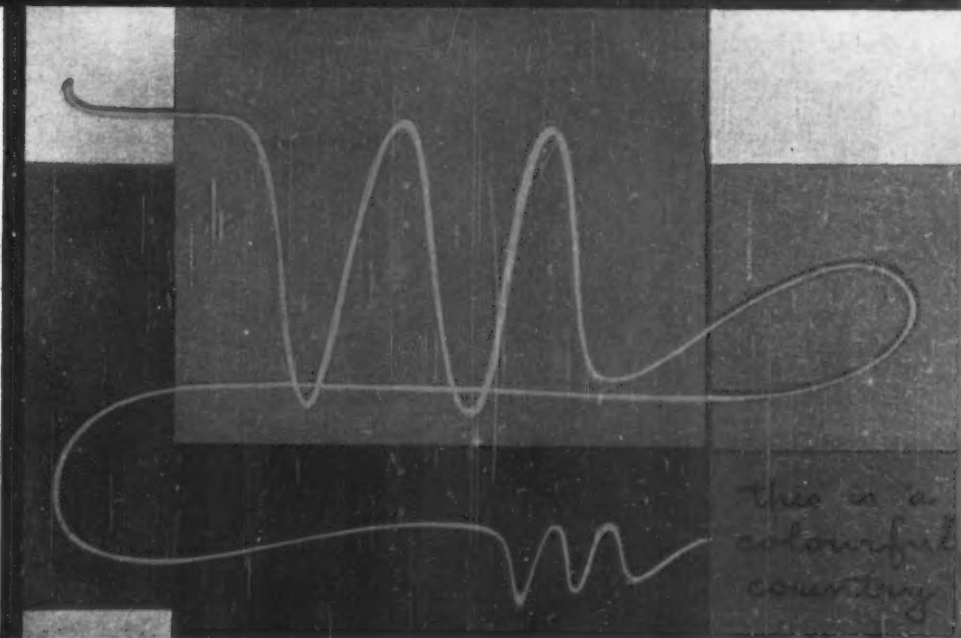
"How far north you going?" he asked.

"End of the road. Ten mile".

"Then you've got yourself a passenger", Jimmy said, and threw his pack up back and hoisted himself into the cab.



Published by The Canadian Bank of Commerce because we are on Wallace Street too.



oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... JOE THINKS he's so smart! But what he doesn't know about Dry Scalp! Look at that straggly hair and the loose dandruff on his coat! How can anybody with Dry Scalp look well-groomed! I ought to tip him off about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"



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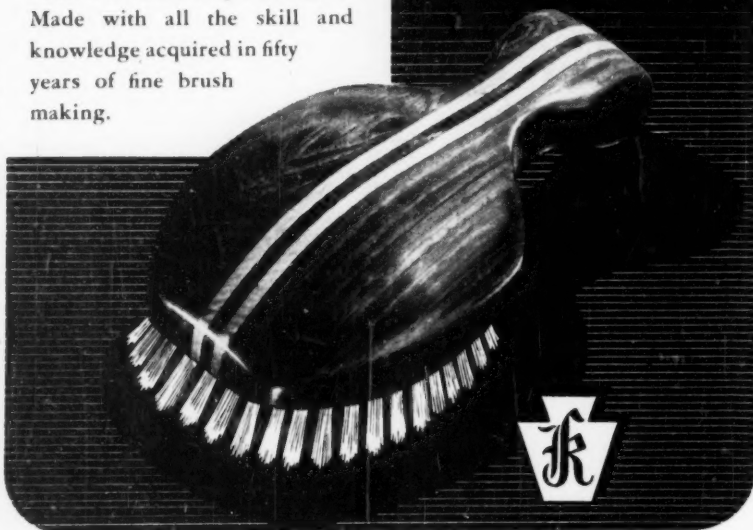
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Continued from page 28
castanets. From a large herd comes a continuous rumbling like heavy rain on a lake. Some naturalists believe that this is a matter of herd morale—a sort of drum accompaniment for the march.

Besides man, the caribou has two other major enemies—wolves and flies. He is constantly tormented by the horde of insects labeled simply "flies" in the North. Mosquitoes, black flies and bulldogs blind him and persecute him; warble flies madden him and riddle his skin with maggots; lung worms, tapeworms and round worms infest his innards; and a peculiar little demon, the nose-bat fly, burrows in his nose and lays eggs which develop into painful larvae.

Wind is the caribou's greatest ally in combating the "flying flies"; traveling into it gets rid of some of them; seeking out windswept hilltops helps too. There's nothing much the caribou can do about the burrowing flies. When both types become unbearable the caribou may panic, dashing through the country for miles. They will also plunge head-deep into icy lakes to obtain relief.

Hardly have the caribou stopped fighting the flies than the stags are fighting among themselves. The stag caribou's whole existence leads up to the Mad Moon—the rutting season in late October and early November. Once it's over and they've shed their antlers early in the winter they're just a docile adjunct to the does and fawns. They don't even lead the herds; that job is usually taken by an elderly doe.

But as the Mad Moon approaches the stag becomes a magnificent animal, lusting for mates. His antlers are hardened, burnished to a brilliant orange mahogany in mock battles with willows and dwarf alders, which he leaves looking like battered brooms. His coat is in prime condition, a grey-brown back blanket touched on the underparts, legs and forehead with creamy white. Around his shoulders, like an Elizabethan courtier's ruff, is a splendid white collar. Behind his shoulders is a hump of back fat, weighing up to 35 pounds, that will sustain him through the battles and conquests to come.

The stag eats little during the mating season. He hasn't the time. His object is to gather together the largest band

of does he can control. All the other stags have exactly the same aim. They try to steal as many of each other's does as possible and the north woods ring with their bellowing challenges and clattering antlers, while the does stand cooly on the sidelines awaiting the outcome.

Stags may gather as many as 20 does into their band but some naturalists believe that the prime stags spend so much time fighting that they neglect their marital duties. These are sometimes clandestinely performed by stags too young to challenge the older fighters.

By the end of the mating season the older stags are exhausted and bedraggled, their antlers battered and broken. Their reserve of back fat, and most of their body fat, is gone. Docile once more, they drift away to lone pastures in the frozen muskegs and parklands to replenish their strength.

Caribou are best eating just before the mating season. The meat is as good as beef.

Inland Eskimos are generally more efficient at using caribou than are Indians. In fact, they are about as efficient as big city meat packers. Flesh, skin, sinew, fat, bones and antlers all have their uses. Tongues, lips, rib and breast-bone meat are considered the delicacies. Eyes were once considered the *pièce de résistance* but now are eaten with the rest of the head. The frozen rump is called *kwark* and is treated like Sunday's roast. Hearts and livers are taboo and are fed to the dogs. Fat from the intestines is frozen and eaten as a relish. Marrow is a delicacy and so is the roasted velvet from the antlers. The lichen and mosses in the caribou's stomach serve as salad.

Scraped doeskins make the finest clothing and are used also for blankets and sleeping bags. With the hair turned inside doeskin makes fine boots. The skins are also used for kayaks, tents, buckets, drums, dog traces and harnesses. Sinew becomes fishing lines, drawstrings, harpoon lines, thread, and lashing for sleighs. Antlers and bones become needles, thimbles, snow anchors, arrows, knives and other tools and weapons.

All this seems to suggest that Canada might give the caribou a little more recognition—like putting him on the front of the quarter? ★

The Terrible Secret of M. Laroche

Continued from page 19

what I want of you? Ha! Ha! I want many things of you. Now first of all there is your daughter Marie-Germaine, whom you are forcing to marry a worse skinflint than yourself, Gilbert Trudel, of Beauce, when you know as well as the rest of us that she loves young Paul Allain the poor schoolmaster."

Piton felt the veins swell in his forehead, felt his blood run thick, and in his eyes was a light unholy. "What business is this of yours, you—"

"Now, I want you to have the match broken off at once and the banns published between your sweet Marie-Germaine and young Paul Allain."

"I will never—Not!"

"Oh, yes, you will," grinned Simon. "You would not care so much if the little world here knew your crime, but for Marie-Germaine, who adores you, who is your universe, to learn that her father is a—"

There are far handsomer faces in the pit of hell than Jules Piton's was then.

It would have driven most people to the holy water fount, but little Simon Laroche just smiled and said, "That is the first thing, *mon vieux*; I have many more in mind."

HE WAS an imp, a devil, that small clockmaker. The things he thought up for Jules Piton could emanate only from a mind that received its instructions direct from hell itself. Beauval, also the entire counties of Bellechasse, Beauce and Dorchester, were quite sure Piton had gone mad when the wedding of Marie-Germaine and Gilbert Trudel was abruptly called off and instead, miracle of miracles, the lovely one was given in marriage by Jules himself to the young schoolmaster.

Then, shortly after, a big school was built to take in all the little ones and Paul, at a handsome salary, was named its principal. Behind all this were the prestige and power of that silent, grim-faced man, Jules Piton.

And more—ah, so much more. Poor but deserving boys and girls who lacked the funds to go to Laval or the University of Montreal suddenly found that Piton's purse was open to them; others, the really brilliant ones, he sent

to the Sorbonne; no poor family in the district suffered if Piton's money could help them.

Vraiment, said the curé, said everyone, the hand of God has touched that flint-heart of Jules Piton's, has made of him a veritable St. Vincent de Paul, a great alms-giver, a grand philanthropist, one who loves his fellowman so much that he grudges the time lost in sleep when he might be doing some good deed. Strange, though, they said, all his good works didn't seem to make him happy; in fact the more good he did, the more miserable he became himself.

And look, too, at what he did for the poor little clockmaker, Simon Laroche, and his 12 children. Simon soon had a jewelry store that rivaled anything on St. Catherine Street in Montreal, a lovely new house, a car. All his children at the best schools.

In politics, too, Piton abruptly switched from Jacques Meunier, the candidate he had supported so long, and threw all his weight behind young Rhéal Plourde, who had never been conceded a chance. It was remarked that at a big banquet Jules had started to sing the praises of Jacques Meunier and that Simon Laroche, sitting next to him, had spilled a bit of Beaujolais on the table and idly traced the letter "M" in the red liquor, whereat Jules had dropped Meunier like a potato hot from the oven and said most beautiful things about Rhéal. Of course Rhéal was elected.

Finally, to cap it all, Jules turned down the chance of being appointed to the Senate and gave that great honor to Simon Laroche. And now, covered with years and wreaths of laurel, honored by all his countrymen and beloved by many, the good Senator Laroche was dead.

"Damn his soul!" muttered Jules Piton after he had put down the telephone over which Marie-Germaine's still sweet voice with a sob in it had told him the news of Simon's death. "May the devil set him a thousand tasks, a million times more distasteful than the ones he set me. The fiend! The devil! How I have paid! How I have expiated my sin! A hundred thousand dollars I have given away—ah, *mon Dieu!* But now—now it is over—unless—"

A terrible fear seized him. Suppose Laroche had left that letter that had always hung like the great knife of the guillotine over Piton's head. But for that letter he would have killed the devil a thousand times. Suppose now that letter should expose him—now when he had no money left, no more to give away.

THERE was a sharp knock at his side door. It reminded him of Laroche's knock that night 20 years ago. He raised his head from his ms outflung on the desk, stared bitterly at the door for a moment, then bellowed, "*Oui—entrez.*"

This time, though he had half-expected the ghost of Simon Laroche and would not have been at all surprised to see it, the visitor was the doctor, Antoine Langevin, who had been attending the departed senator. He came in with his cat walk—he had always reminded Jules of a fat tabby—and plunked himself down in the suppliant's seat.

"It is sad," he observed. "A great man has passed away."

Piton made a spire of his two hands and set his sharp chin on the point of it.

"Is that what you came here to tell me, *Monsieur le médecin?*"

"Not really. Before our good friend passed away he entrusted to me a message for you."

"Ah!" Piton's brows went up. "What sort of a message?"

"A letter. Here it is." The fat Langevin squirmed a little as he drew the envelope from his pocket, then passed it across the desk to Piton who took it with steady hand.

"Mind if I read this now, doctor?"

Langevin waved a pudgy hand. "No better time."

Piton with great deliberation, though he wanted to tear the thing with his big fingers, took his paper knife, slit the envelope and took out the single sheet—

My Dear Piton: this is to say, not good-bye, for you and I will meet again, I think. I write this, too, to relieve your mind of what, I feel, will be a worry to you. Listen, my old one, there never was any letter written by me about you and to be opened in case, etc. etc. I was ever a master of the bluff. Again, au revoir. Simon.

Piton's lips shaped a word as he folded the letter, put it back in its envelope and shoved it in his desk. In the top drawer he put it and there was the revolver staring at him. Ah, if he

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That money isn't everything

Is an adage old as anything.

I wish someone would show it to

Some of these guys I owe it to.

—Ray Romine

had only followed his instinct to kill, that long ago night—

"What does it signify, that letter 'M' branded on one's back?"

"Eh!" He shot erect in his chair and stared at Dr. Langevin. "What do you say? What is this—?" His big hand closed on the gun. This time, by God, with this new blackmailer, he would not fool. His fingers were firm on the pistol. So Simon had double-crossed him; had to'd this swollen toad—

"What is this you ask me, doctor?"

"What could it mean, the letter 'M' deeply branded right in our good departed Senator Laroche's back?"

"In—" The room seemed to whirl, to spin crazily about Piton's head. Then his mind cleared and he began to laugh—to laugh so crazily that the doctor was afraid.

"Please, *Monsieur Piton!*" he pleaded. "Surely it is not funny."

But Jules took moments to control himself. "No?" he said at last. "Not funny that this man so honest, so respected, so saintly, was a branded murderer! You think that's not funny."

"Ciel!" Langevin sat up sharply now. "Is it that? I thought as much when I saw it, when I removed his shirt after—Do you know, I always thought, *Monsieur Piton*, that there was something funny about Laroche—that sly look in his eyes, the way he seemed always to be laughing as if he was enjoying some huge private joke."

"He was," said Jules bitterly. "Make no mistake about it. He was." ★



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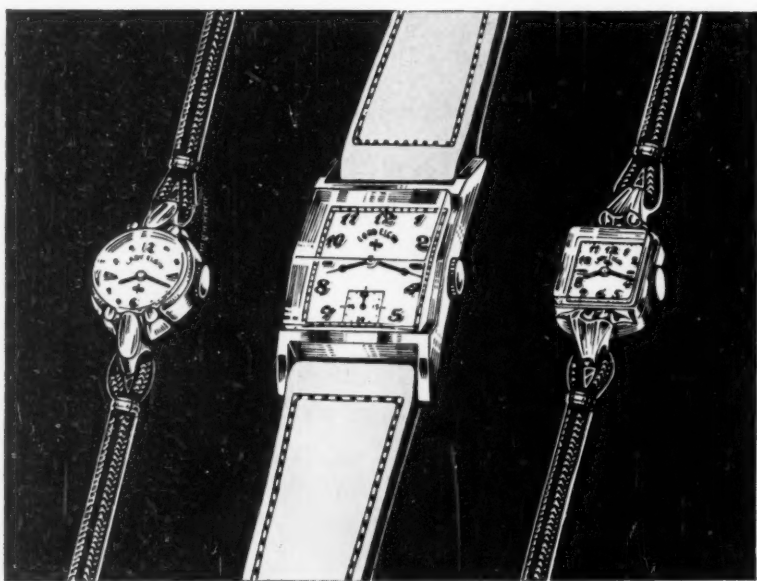
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The Duke Was Indiscreet

Continued from page 5

So began the duel between Mr. Baldwin and the young King, but do not imagine that all the advantage lay with the Prime Minister, as the Duke suggests. Winston Churchill with his impetuous warmth of nature drew his sword and declared for Edward. He was not in Mr. Baldwin's Government and with his genius for spectacular action he talked of forming a King's Party.

Mr. Baldwin liked to pose as a simple countryman who understood the vagaries of the weather better than the coruscations of politics, but in fact he was exceedingly astute and by no means lacking in artifice. Nor did he lack ruthlessness.

He went privately to the King as an older man whose advice might be useful, and it was understood on both sides that the conversations were unofficial. But it is a fact, although it has never been published, that after one of these conversations Baldwin said to some of his friends: "If it is the last thing I do I'll put another King on the Throne."

Therefore the Duke's contention that Baldwin did not come as a friend but as an executioner is largely justified. Baldwin's defense would be that he had to protect the constitution including the monarchy and that the King was threatening its survival.

The one criticism of Baldwin that cannot be denied is that he allowed the King to fall into a trap without warning. As long as the conversations were private the Prime Minister could not reveal their purport to Parliament or honorably to the Cabinet. But when he asked the King if he would like the Governments of the Dominions to be consulted it meant that the matter passed from the personal to the official. From that moment the King was doomed. He had pitted his wits against the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury and had lost.

The newspapers of Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere tried to balance public opinion but the Times was utterly merciless. Mrs. Simpson had left the country and the King had retired to his country home near Ascot. There were some pitiful scenes there, and none to his discredit, but do not imagine that the young man who had been worshipped and idealized to the limit of phantasy saw the shadows gathering without shedding a tear. He was the loneliest creature in the world.

Churchill rose furiously in the House of Commons and declared the right of a King to be a man but he was howled down from all sides until his words could not be heard. Black with anger he walked out of the Chamber accompanied only by his faithful henchman Brendan Bracken and by the derisive shouts of a Parliament which not very long afterward was to be his slave.

Then Churchill helped the King to prepare his farewell broadcast to the nation. At a flat in Mayfair ex-Guardsman Ernest Simpson and two friends sat waiting. "His Majesty the King," came the voice of the announcer. Ex-Guardsman Simpson got up and stood to attention, and remained so until it ended.

It had all happened so swiftly that the nation was stunned. At their home in Piccadilly the Duke of York and his wife gazed into the future which had suddenly called them, and they spoke as if there were death in the house. The ex-King watched from the deck of a destroyer as the coast of England faded from view.

Now I must be personal for a moment. The next morning I received

a cable from the editor of Maclean's Magazine in which this London Letter feature originated 15 years ago, asking me to cable a full story of the abdication. Despite the well-known vagaries of editors this seemed an odd request for magazines are not newspapers and the article could not possibly appear for at least three weeks. However, I wrote my study of the tragedy and weighed the argument heavily against Mrs. Simpson. Whether that was justified or not need not be discussed now. It was what I felt.

A Threat of Suit

Edward had a special place in the hearts of the Canadians for he had gone there shortly after the first war and near Calgary he owned a ranch. The Canadian newspapers had been as reticent as the British, and the shock to the Canadian people was the same. Only this can account for the publishing phenomenon that occurred when my article was published. Maclean's Magazine was completely sold out, the article was reprinted in a sister magazine, Chatelaine, then in the Financial Post and finally in pamphlet form. I heard from mutual friends that Mrs. Simpson was deeply hurt that the article had been written by one who had been a guest in her home. It seemed to me that at such a moment the public importance of the subject transcended personal considerations whether my judgment was right or wrong.

But the full repercussions were to come two years later. The abdication had floated down the mists of time, and a man called Hitler was taking up most of the available space in the newspapers. I decided to spend a holiday in Canada but before I went I arranged with the British publishing house of Collins to publish a book of my London Letters under the title "Westminster Watch Tower." The book, which included the abdication article, appeared first in Canada where it sold well and was due for British publication about the time of my return to London.

I am not likely to forget the day of that return. As the then "Atticus" of the Sunday Times I dropped in to see Editor Hadley who had a copy of the English edition of "Westminster Watchtower" on his desk, it having been sent for review.

"Have you read your book?" he asked. I answered rather lamely that I had not read it but had certainly written it.

"You are asking for a terrific libel action from the Duchess of Windsor," said the wise old editor. "As a politician and a journalist you can express an opinion at a time of crisis and defend yourself on the grounds of national interest. But to repeat those opinions two years later is quite another thing. The Duchess will not have to prove anything. The onus is entirely on you. My advice to you is to withdraw the book and take out your abdication chapter."

Within a few minutes I was on the telephone to Collins and instructed them to recall the review copies and any copies sent to the libraries or book stores. Hardly was that finished when a letter came by hand from the solicitors of the Duke of Windsor demanding that all copies issued in Canada should be recovered and burned and that I should make a public retraction and apology. In addition the Duke reserved the right to sue for damages on behalf of the Duchess.

I at once wrote a personal letter to the Duke who was in France and expressed regret for having caused unnecessary pain to his wife by republish-

ing an article when the circumstances which had inspired its original conception no longer applied. I also explained that I was recalling the book.

Hardly had that task been accomplished when my secretary phoned to say that Mr. Chamberlain wanted to see me at No. 10 Downing Street. Wondering what was up I caught a taxi and was ushered at once to the presence of the Prime Minister.

I must say that Chamberlain wasted no time. "I am in a difficulty," he said, "and I want your advice. As you probably know I was in Paris not long ago and as an act of courtesy called on the Duke of Windsor. In a general conversation he mentioned the idea of a visit to Britain, quite unofficial of course. I am afraid I encouraged the idea and on my return we let the news leak out."

Chamberlain leaned across the table. "The reaction had not been encouraging," he said. "Oddly enough the principal protests have come from the Dominions. The position, you will agree, is an awkward one."

Still very much puzzled, I agreed. I did not see where my advice could be of much value but obviously Chamberlain had something in mind. Then clearing his throat he fixed his eye on me.

"Now supposing," he said, "that a recognized journalist, preferably one with political affiliations, wrote an article in a Sunday paper giving reasons why the Duke should not come here now. It might well be that the reaction would be such that the Government would have to inform the Duke that as a result of the publication he would be well advised to postpone his visit indefinitely."

One does not laugh in a Prime Minister's face but I nearly did at that moment. I had just written to the Duke, and in my pocket was the letter from his solicitors, and here was Neville Chamberlain asking me to assist the Government of which I was a loyal supporter.

"I will try to think of someone who could write it," I said vaguely.

"Can't you think of one now?" he said with a definite trace of irritation.

I told him that I would report to him in the morning, and he indicated that the audience was ended. The next day I saw him again.

Let's Marry for Your Money

Continued from page 11

one have you picked, Lazlo?"

The older man shrugged. "Not a young one, I think. No longer. But—who knows? There is still time, for an older one." He went toward the sea.

Jim's thoughtful gaze left the buildings, baking in the sun warmth that was an embrace across his broad, tanned shoulders. His eyes had to rise only slightly to see the blue and white of the Clayne home on the high hill beyond the highway. It rose imperiously above his panel of beach, as much a monarch of the scene as old Frank Clayne himself.

Frank Clayne, of Clayne International Foundries, was never at the club . . . and not often at the beach home. But his name and his daughter, Rosemary, wielded the sceptre well. The moneyed crowd of Sunset Island frequently had its names in the society columns—and Rosemary Clayne always headed the list. Money society and society society—if there was a distinction, Jim didn't know it.

She'd be awakening about now, he

"In my opinion, Prime Minister, it would be a mistake for anyone with political affiliations to write such an article, for it is an unfortunate fact that people have suspicious minds."

Chamberlain nodded. "Overnight I came to the same conclusion," he said. "In fact we have found another method of conveying the general idea to the Duke."

The proposed visit did not take place. The Duke instructed his solicitors that he would drop the matter of my book with its withdrawal from publication.

But now it is the Duke himself who by writing his memoirs has once more brought the abdication into the realm of controversy. By doing so he invites the verdict of the contemporary historian, a verdict not delivered in the heat of the crisis but in the detachment of time.

He was born to high place. As a young man he accepted the duties and the privileges of high place. It would have added to his dignity if he had left his memoirs to be published after his death, rather than to earn dollars with them in his lifetime.

As a prince he had won the affection of the world at a time when destiny was on the march and the future was black with doubt. When he became King he chose the love of one woman against the love of countless millions. Yet he might in manhood years have influenced the whole course of the world, for his power over the emotions and imagination of people circled the globe.

The King is more than a man, he is a symbol. If it had not been that Edward's brother George and the much loved daughter of Scotland whom he had married were firm of character and purpose the monarchy might well have crashed. That is the case against Edward VIII and it is unanswerable.

But in his favor is the fact that from the time the crisis broke he did nothing to embarrass the Government or to cause further injury to the country. He showed discipline and restraint when there were powerful voices urging an opposite course.

It is a pity that years later he decided to turn royalty into a serial entertainment. When he abdicated the Throne he should have finished with it. Like Hamlet he ought to have said: "The rest is silence." ★

thought. Maybe at her window, looking down at the club—and his tower. And yawning, too, perhaps, catlike. Sleek, golden-haired, catlike. It had been nearly dawn when she had swung the big convertible onto the highway shoulder and let him out—with a last fierce kiss.

"I could be drowning," the voice came pleasantly. "Going down for the third time."

He turned self-consciously. Laura Standish, slender and straight and assured, was looking up at him with a hint of amusement. "Oil bearing, those hills? Spot a likely formation?"

HE KNEW immediately that her question lacked particular significance; she couldn't have known he had been studying the Clayne home. Yet a tinge of crimson crept into his tanned face.

He said, "Get as far as The Rock?"

She nodded. He glanced back at the way she had come. Far down, where a cliff shouldered into the ocean to the bulwark of the cove, the narrowing beach held The Rock. It was grey and flat-topped, perhaps 15 feet high, some 15 yards across. He frequently ate his lunch there.

Jim ate there in the beginning be-



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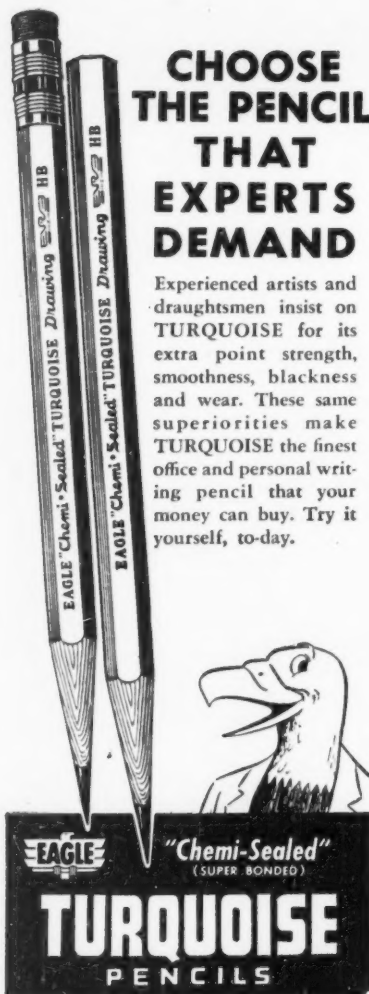
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cause he had been self-conscious about eating out of a box on the tower amidst all the gay, brittle talk—never intended for his ears, but heard just the same. It made him feel a little like a peasant, porridge bowl in hand, while the baronial lords and ladies watched him with tolerant amusement.

Guarding at Sunset Island had been nothing more than another odd job when he first took it. It would provide enough added money to get him back to school for his master's. But in the first few days he had realized that here was an excellent opportunity to make the kind of business contact he needed. There was oil money at the club. Winsett Petroleum and Haydon Geological Survey and Stevens Refinery.

It had been only a short and pleasant progression to studying the daughters of Winsett and Haydon and Stevens. Suddenly, with the talk of money, and the sight and feel of it all around him, his own lack of it—so inconsequential an amount, in their eyes—became a goading reality.

The daughters of any of the Sunset Island crowd would serve the purpose. At first he had scorned the idea—but it kept recurring. Money meant security. It meant not waiting 10 years for an income that could be lost in the pockets of any of the Sunset Island crowd. It meant being free to do all the things he wanted to do. The mere thought was an intoxication. He had always had to work, and work hard, for everything. Somewhere along the way he had picked up the idea that you had to work hard for something to appreciate it.

But around him he saw people who didn't have to exert effort. They had nothing to do but play. It was a tempting and convincing contemplation.

His mind had toyed with it. Face it objectively, he had demanded. Was it criminal to want money? Was marrying for it, without single reservation, to be condemned any more than a business merger which provided each participant with his desire? With a plan, and luck, he might in a few weeks solve a problem that many men carried to their graves. Security.

ROSEMARY CLAYNE had paused at the tower one afternoon, a cocktail glass in her hand and an appraising half-smile on her pert face.

"You must get bored up there. Why don't you come up to the club for a drink?"

He had smiled with just the right note of respectful restraint. He couldn't leave the tower, and he knew she knew it. He said easily, "I never get bored . . . You'd better be careful. You're getting quite a burn."

She turned her feather-cut blond head to inspect her bare shoulders. It was a strapless suit, brief and expensive. That kind, he thought, you buy by the thread.

"A little pink," she admitted. "What would you suggest?"

"A blouse." He grinned. "But if you insist on wearing just that, I have some good homemade brew." He handed her the bottle of lotion.

She had the cap off. She handed the bottle up to him, and with a slight smile turned her back. He knelt on the platform and gently applied the lotion to her neck, then to her smooth shoulders. Take it easy, he thought. Don't rush it, boy . . .

"You have a soothing touch, Conway."

He stopped abruptly. He hadn't conditioned himself thoroughly. He was allergic to the smell of class consciousness. And whether consciously or not, her tone had catalogued him in the servant class. He said stiffly, "Thanks, Miss Clayne." He put the

cap back on the bottle of lotion.

Turning, she said with surprise, "What's wrong?"

"That will relieve the burn."

"Thank you. But—what is it?" Her face was puzzled. "Was it something I said?"

"If it was," he told her, "I wouldn't know how to explain it to you."

She stared thoughtfully for a moment. "Oh." She smiled, and he thought he detected approval in it. "You're through at 4 o'clock. If you like, you can buy me a drink then—Jim."

He turned the lotion bottle slowly. "I don't think Lazlo would like that in his club."

She said succinctly, "It isn't Lazlo's club." She turned, and said over her shoulder, "But if it would make trouble for you—there are other clubs."

He watched her walk away, and it was enough to make his pulse beat faster.

That had been the start of it, a month ago. It had gone fast.

He struck the right note, injecting just enough discipline into her life to continue a challenge—without it becoming a boorishness that would drive her away.

One night he put down his glass and pushed away from the bar. The place was crowded and noisy. "Time to go," he said.

"But, Jim—it's early."

"Early morning." He grinned. "You want bags under your eyes? Somebody has to look after you."

In the sleek convertible a few minutes later, she put the key in the ignition and paused.

"Jim."

"Yes?" He couldn't see her face clearly, only hear a strange note in her voice, half-serious.

"I'm not sure you're not just after money."

He exhaled a slow shaft of cigarette smoke, and leaned back against the cushion. In a moment he said honestly, "That's part of it, I suppose. It's something, money."

She turned the ignition key, started the car roughly. He sat beside her in silence, just riding through the fresh night, just waiting because there was nothing else he could do. Gradually, the car slowed. She braked to a stop on the highway shoulder, with the car's motor still running. Eyes straight ahead, she said, "Is that all? The money?"

He said, just as honestly, "No." He liked her. He almost said that.

He saw her smile start. "At least, you're honest. I like that."

He said carefully, "Is that all? The honesty?"

She shook her head slowly, and bent her blond head slowly, and kissed him full on the lips.

IT HAD been the following day that he saw Laura Standish for the first time. She was walking along the beach as he arrived at the tower.

"Good morning."

He returned her smile. "Good morning."

She went away, and he kept looking after her, struck at once by the poise in her manner, the fresh look of graciousness. Later that day, when he scrambled up The Rock with his boxed lunch, she was sitting there, watching the ocean. "Oh," Jim said. "Sorry." He started to leave.

"For what?" she asked pleasantly. "It's anybody's rock." She smiled. "Lunch time?"

He smiled back, instantly at ease with her. "Yes. I eat up here quite a bit."

"A nice quiet place. I feel as though I'm the one who intruded. Sit down."

He said politely, "This morning was the first time I've seen you at the club."

"We were late coming to the coast this year." Without ostentation, she added, "We thought at first we might go to the Riviera again."

"The Riviera. I saw it once. I've always wanted to go back." He grinned. "When there was less khaki around."

"It's beautiful. But the Pacific is my ocean. I even feel like a stranger in England, or Florida. California has always been my home."

She smiled, shifting slightly. "But I think New England rocks are softer."

He ran a curious hand over the time-pitted rock surface. "Age hasn't softened this one. And it's been here a long, long time."

"Oh? Are you an amateur geologist?"

"In a way," he said, smiling. "Petroleum engineer, one of these days. Or years."

She straightened, regarding him with interest. "Really? Years ago my father was a petroleum engineer . . . But isn't this lifeguard job a little off the track?"

Something about her; the pleasant manner, the friendliness she showed him, the ease with which she listened, brought the explanation from him.

At school, the first time, he had roomed with a boy whose father was an oil man. There had been talk about a job with the company at the end of his senior year.

The war caught him in his junior year. It taught him in reiterating ways that few patterns really last. He finished his course. His former roommate had been killed; the father had retired. This time the college placement service was lining him up with a company. Even without the master's degree he wanted, he could get a start. But the job marked for him had gone, at the last moment, to the nephew of someone in the company. Jim went to work at a variety of jobs for the next two years to get enough money to return for his master's.

Stuffing sandwich papers back into the box, he said, a trifle bitterly, "The life story."

"One thing," she said. "Whatever you get will be yours."

"That's one way of looking at it." He had a strange disquiet in him with the thought. He had spoken of his study as though it still were part of the pattern. But he had a new pattern, now. He stood up. "Well, time to climb my ivory tower. Thanks for sharing the rock, Miss—"

"Laura," she said.

He paused, oddly remembering the one discordant note the first time he had met Rosemary.

"Laura Standish," she said. "It was nice, Jim. Come again."

He stood, looking down at her. "I'll do that."

FOUR or five times since, when there was no one else on the beach, he had walked in the mornings with her. Occasionally he found her on The Rock when he went there for lunch. He had never seen her with anyone else on the beach. Standing beside the tower, now, on this bright morning, Laura looked out toward the float, rocking slowly some 50 yards offshore.

"It looks cold. But I'm tempted to try it." She turned suddenly. "Want to come along? I'll race you."

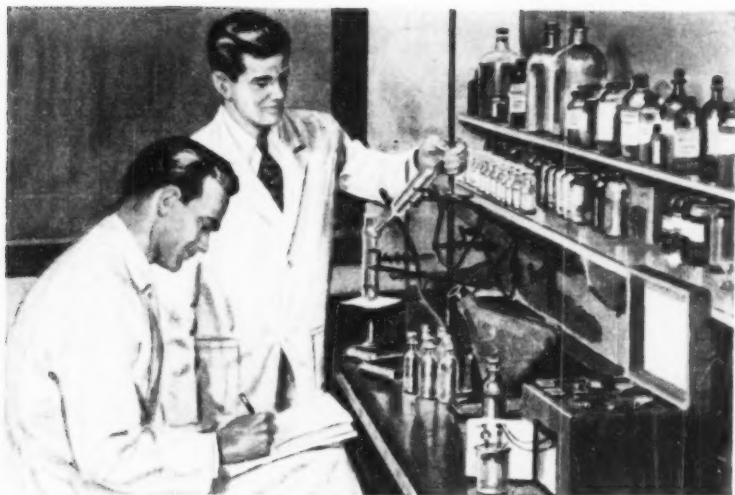
He laughed, and dived under a small wave and shouted once with the chill shock. In the next moment he was gliding powerfully through the water. For fun, he swam in a circle around her.

When they had reached the float he

Continued on page 38

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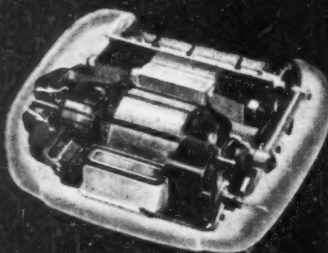


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Continued from page 36
fished towels out of the locker beside the diving board. "Dry off, before you get a chill."

"It's wonderful. Really worth every shiver."

He stretched out on a towel, feeling the sun's tentative warmth on his back. "Better than the Riviera?"

"Much," she assured him. Her dark hair tumbled as she removed her cap and tossed her head. She lay back, her head just a few inches from his, and shielded her eyes with an arm. They stayed that way, not speaking, just riding the slight rise and fall of the float, hearing the murmur of surf, the slap of water on wood, the strident cry of a wheeling gull.

After awhile, Jim raised on an elbow. Laura didn't stir. There was an air of breeding about her, he thought idly, even with her eyes closed, her face in complete repose. If you had money or didn't get worry lines, tensions that etched a face.

Alone with her now, it was the easiest quiet he had ever known. His act was more than mere impulse; it was a sudden compulsion that, even as he softly kissed her parted lips, made him wonder why he hadn't realized this before. . . . She was the one. And the part of his mind that had accepted his new pattern registered that it was a minor miracle that he had fallen indisputably in love with someone who had money.

She didn't move. Still with her arm over her eyes, she said softly, "That was nice."

He took his cue swiftly. She didn't want melodrama. All right, he thought. We'll underplay it; be very casual, no matter how wonderful it is.

He saw that someone was in the water, swimming toward the float. It made no difference. The pace of this was unhurried. They had a lifetime. Everything was all right. He could tell Rosemary, without great difficulty.

Laura's arm came away, and her hand found his and rested there, secure. Jim said, "Where were you planning to go?"

"I don't know that, either. Perhaps Mexico. Wherever it's warm."

"You like the sun?" he asked gently.

"Most of the time. Mrs. Crandall likes it all the time. She's getting too old for bitter winters."

He felt the sudden bite of a vagrant breeze. He said slowly, "Mrs. Crandall?"

Laura's eyes came open. "Why, yes. Didn't you know?"

He smoothed the towel. "Know what?"

He sat up, and although her hand still rested on his it was as though she had drawn slightly away. "I travel with her," Laura said simply. "I thought you knew. She was a very close friend of mother's. It's—an exchange, I suppose. I look after her—and she looks after me."

"The Riviera. You went there with her?"

"I've gone everywhere with her," Laura said, "since mother died. There wasn't anything else to do, really. She has been wonderful to me. All our money was gone. Mother was ill for years. And it seems father's choice of investments hadn't been the best . . ."

He swallowed and tried to smile reassuringly at her strange expression. His own face felt like an ice mask.

She breathed deeply, and he recognized the expression, now, for one of mixed shock and sudden pity. "It makes a difference with you." Her voice was low. "It really does . . ."

"Difference?" he began half-heartedly. "No, Laura, of course not." He couldn't find equilibrium. "It's just that—"

WATER splashed beside the float and he turned as Rosemary Clayne came up the ladder. She stood with hands on hips, water running into a pool at Jim's feet. He saw her eyes go swiftly to Laura, then back to him, and her smile didn't go beyond her lips.

"A fine thing," Rosemary said, and he wasn't sure her tone was pure jest. "The lifeguard is lured from his post."

"Hello," Laura said quietly.

"You may not care much for your job, Jim—but you shouldn't keep Laura from hers. Mrs. Crandall is absolutely lost without her."

"She's awake?" Laura said. "She usually sleeps until—"

"Awake," said Rosemary, "and clucking like a hen that's lost a chick." Her taut smile hadn't moved. "The least you could do when you run off with the handsome lifeguard, darling, is leave a note on the pillow."

Laura stood up, and Jim saw the tinge of crimson in her face. She put on her cap unhurriedly. "Thank you," she said to Rosemary, and her restraint was obvious. She looked once at Jim, then away, as if he weren't there and never could be. She dived shallowly and cleanly.

The line of distinction had never been drawn more sharply for him. He saw it in the way Rosemary had addressed Laura; the way Laura had had to accept it. Money, he thought dimly, was the line. Mixed with his own shame was a faint pity for Laura Standish.

Rosemary said, "You'd better get back to the tower. Lazlo—"

"Yes," he said, standing.

She frowned. "Did I interrupt something cosy between you two?"

He managed a brief smile. "You know better." His eyes swung to Laura, going slowly, steadily, toward shore. He felt Rosemary's hand, cold and light, on his arm. She said softly, "Jim."

"Yes?"

"There's a dance at the club tonight. Would you like to take me?"

They had never gone there together. There was an inviolate wall between those who worked at the club—and those who played there. He could read the significance in her invitation. She would take him there as an equal, before all her friends, before all the Sunset Island crowd. It was, in a far from subtle way, a declaration.

It was, too, the maturing of his plan. He had it made, now. The fight was over—but the victory was a flat metallic taste in his mouth. He saw that Laura had reached the beach, and was walking slowly, head erect, toward the buildings.

He sighed. "Yes." His eyes met Rosemary's and held, as though a bargain had been sealed.

She smiled. "Come to the house," she said. "About 9."

THE BUTLER said, "Good evening, Mr. Conway." His tone was respectful. "Miss Clayne asked that you wait on the terrace."

"Thank you, Phillip." The words came easily, as though he had been greeted by butlers all his life. It didn't take much effort to feel it, already; this assurance that came with security. He noted the satiny gleam of polished woods, the solid, carved furniture, the thick depth of carpets as he crossed through the library and out onto the flagstone terrace.

Half a white moon hung in the night sky, and below him he could see the ribbon of highway and the teams of headlights gliding swiftly past. The club was a cluster of brilliance huddled beside the dark, restless sea. He leaned against the heavy stone balustrade, and wondered how he was going to like living here.

He was indescribably lucky, he told himself. He had played it letter-perfect, the way Lazlo wished he could have done it, and he had hit the jackpot. There was a bargain involved. From the beginning he had pledged himself to accept that. He could do the best he could. He wondered, then, if Laura would be at the dance, and his thoughts sobered and were swiftly on her when Rosemary came onto the terrace.

"Sorry you had to wait, darling."

"It wasn't long." He looked at the sheath that was her strapless white gown, and smiled briefly. "You're liable to get a burn in that, too."

"Moonburn?" She laughed. "I'm not worried. I know a marvelous man who has a marvelous homemade brew."

He glanced down at the lights of the club. "You know—this may be embarrassing for you tonight. What if they cut me cold?"

She was watching him. "What if they do?"

"You don't care?"

"They wouldn't dare."

He said uncomfortably, "I—well, it isn't as though I belonged there. I—"

"Jim, stop it." She put a hand on his arm. "Do you want to back out?"

He ran a hand across his hair. "Of the dance, you mean?"

She said softly, "No. Of everything. The dance would be only the beginning." She paused. "Do you know what it will be like—after that?"

He stood quite still, hearing the drone of the cars, the distant beat of surf. His throat was dry. Here it was, the thing he had worked and hoped for. He looked down at her. "We'll go ahead," he said. "I want that more than anything I know."

It was in his hand now, and he was not going to let it go. He would not let it go. ★

Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 17

dime for them, but in some ways they're the most important rounds I ever fought. Duffy was a real nice fellow, and when we started I don't think he'd have hurt me if he could have. But the way I saw it, it was my job to prove to Tommy Simpson that Duffy couldn't hurt me even if he wanted to. So all through those three rounds I kept running faster and faster and Duffy kept getting madder and madder. I'd dart in and hit him a couple of light lefts on the jaw and then I'd scurry away like a jack rabbit in reverse while he came after me, swinging from the heels. By the end of the second round everybody else in the gym had stopped working and crowded around the ring, throwing loud jokes at Duffy. He didn't see anything funny in it and neither did I, because his pride and my bread and butter were at stake.

When the third round was over, Duffy glared across the ring and growled: "Let's go another." But Pop hustled me out of there, over to Tommy Simpson.

Simpson put me on his next card in the Auditorium. I boxed a four-round curtain raiser against Frankie Sands, a flyweight who'd had eight or nine professional fights. I knocked him down in the first round with a right hand and won an easy decision. In the next four months I fought 10 more bouts for Simpson, a return against Sands, two against Jimmy Griffiths and one each against Eddie Collins, Joe Conde, Sammy Lee, Abe Gordon, Jockey Joe Dillon, Jockey Lightener, and Frankie Grandetta. I won them all, four by knockouts and the rest on four-round decisions. My pay stepped up gradually from \$50 for the first Sands fight to \$200 for the Grandetta fight, in which Simpson moved me up to the semifinal. Pop and I quit eating crabs and brussels sprouts, started riding on streetcars and bought a few clothes.

After my 11th fight in Oakland we decided we had a holiday coming and went back to Vancouver. Our total take from five months of waiting and fighting had been \$1,300 and there was still \$300 left after our living expenses and the boat fare were paid. Pop insisted that I take every dollar of it. I gave it to my mother.

Pop and I were as flat as ever when we left Vancouver and went back south late in the summer of 1924. But this time we didn't have any doubts about our ability to get work, and we decided to go on down the coast to

Los Angeles, where there were lots of real good fighters around my weight—Fidel La Barba, Pancho Villa, Jackie Fields, Bud Taylor, all four of them good enough to be world champions already, or on the way to world championships. I was still 16 years old, and still looked younger. As a precaution against running into any more sceptical promoters, I wrote away to Mortlach, Sask., my first home town in Canada, and said that I had been born there 18 years ago, but that my father had forgotten to register my birth and could I please have a birth certificate. It took quite a bit more correspondence, but eventually I got a birth certificate from Regina. That's why, although I was born in Belfast on Dec. 17, 1907, I can prove legally that I was born in Mortlach on Dec. 17, 1905. It's also why the record books have always made me two years older than I am.

On our second trip to California we worked our passage to Los Angeles aboard a coastal tramp, Pop as a deck hand and me as a galley helper. The best promoter in the Los Angeles area was Jack Doyle, who owned an arena in Vernon, a suburb. Tommy Simpson had given us a letter of introduction to Doyle's matchmaker, Hayden Wadhams, and Wadhams used me on three straight shows in late September and early October. I beat Benny Diaz and Frankie Dolan, both better boxers than I'd met up to then. Then I won from Young Nationalista, a very fast Filipino, and Wadhams offered us a main event against Fidel La Barba.

La Barba was just back from the Olympic games in Paris where he'd won the world's amateur flyweight championship. We boxed three times, twice at four rounds—the maximum permitted under a state boxing law that went out at the end of the year—and at 10 rounds in January 1925. I won the first four-rounder, we drew the second four-rounder, and I won the 10-rounder. They were all close, clean fast fights.

Jack Britton, Mickey Walker's predecessor as world welterweight champion, saw the 10-rounder and told a newspaperman: "I never saw such a bout in all my ring experience. These two boys are marvelous. The boxing game today has not their equal." That was gratifying, and so was my end of the gate—\$3,000—almost as much as I'd earned in all the rest of my life put together, including four years of selling newspapers, a year running an elevator and nearly a year's professional boxing.

I was a main eventer now. I suppose I had passed a turning point, but looking back on it, I can't honestly say



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that I felt much different. My routine between fights was still work and rest—work and rest—work and rest. Pop and I were living in two rooms over a grocery store in Echo Park, not far from Aimee Semple McPherson's temple. There was a playground across the street and now and then I'd walk over there after supper and throw a ball around with some other kids. After a while, when it got too dark to play ball, the other kids would wander off, maybe to go to a show or to buy their girls a soda and I'd go back across the street and go to bed so I'd be fresh for my road work in the morning. I don't think I envied those other kids, but I'd have been surprised if they'd told me they envied me.

Don't get the idea that I questioned the hard routine of conditioning and training that Pop laid down for me. I didn't. Every time I climbed between the ropes I was thankful for my condition and every time I climbed back out again I had seen something to remind me that a boxer never gets anything so right that he still can't get it better. Pop had been trying to make over my left hook. I was bringing it across and slightly up and I thought it was a pretty good punch. Pop said it would be better if I'd learn to lift my left shoulder an inch higher, shorten up the left a little, come down with it instead of up and twist my elbow three or four inches before it landed. It would be a shorter punch and a harder punch, he said. I'd been working on it, but I still didn't believe in it thoroughly enough to try it out in a fight.

"I Never Carried Anybody"

My next opponent after La Barba was Teddy Silva, one of the two best bantamweights on the coast. It was a close fight for five rounds but after the fifth Silva was tired, hurt and practically defenseless. I set about knocking him out. For the next three rounds I chased him around the ring, chunking long rights and lefts off his jaw, throwing them from away back and putting everything I had into them. Every punch seemed to shake him and one or two put him on the floor, but he always bounced right up again without a count. Finally, toward the end of the eighth, I stepped inside him and hit him, not too hard, with the short corkscrew left Pop had been trying to get me to use. He dropped like an ox. He got up at nine—I'll never know how—and I was too dazed and pleased by the power I'd got out of that one short, twisting punch to make any serious attempt to hit him again.

When the fight was over Silva put his arms around me and mumbled: "Thanks for letting me stay, Jimmy." "That's all right, Teddy," I said. I felt like a hypocrite. I never carried anybody in my life. I always figured fighting was much too dangerous a business and what you got out of it came too hard to start giving things away.

I won two more fights, a six-round decision over Young Farrell and a four-round knockout over Spec Ramies and then, on June 3, 1925, I ran into Bud Taylor and my streak of nearly 40 fights without a loss came to an end. Bud had to wait two more years before he got a shot at, and won, the bantamweight championship, but they were already calling him the uncrowned champion of the division. His trainer was Jack Blackburn, the old Negro lightweight who'd carved out a fine career fighting everybody from lightweights to heavyweights, and then gone on to teach a lot of other fine fighters, among them—a little later—Joe Louis. As a trainer Jack Blackburn

had some of the things that Pop Foster had, including a vast knowledge of what he was doing and a vast determination to pass it on.

Bud Taylor was all pro too. Not long before he fought me, he did something that must be almost unique in the history of boxing. Taylor had a trick right shoulder. He was fighting George Rivers, a good, dangerous bantamweight, and Taylor's shoulder popped out in the second or third round. Taylor struck out his left hand to jab Rivers away and grabbed his right wrist between his two knees. Then he hobbled back, standing Rivers off with his left and tugging at his right with his knees until his dislocated shoulder dropped back into place. It went out again in the next round and he did the same thing. He eventually finished the fight and won it on points.

Bud was a quick boxer, quick with his feet and hands, hard to hit and a damaging body-puncher, particularly with the left hand. I was quicker than he was for the first five rounds and made him miss a lot. My jab was working nicely and I had a good lead halfway through the fight. From then on Bud started coming. He was nearly five years older than I was and had far more stamina. He wore me down and won the decision. It was a close decision, but I didn't question it then and I'm not questioning it now.

Pancho Villa's Last Fight

Right afterward Tommy Simpson asked me to come back to Oakland and fight a 10-round nontitle bout against Pancho Villa, the world flyweight champion. As usual, I left it up to Pop. Pop said sure I could have the bout but he reminded me that Villa was a strong, bustling puncher who had won the title by knocking out the great Jimmy Wilde, that he had recently beaten Bud Taylor and that if I hoped to beat him I'd have to keep boxing him. We fought in the Oakland Ball Park on July 4. Villa was a 4 to 1 favorite and for the first and only time in any of my fights, Pop and I put up \$100 apiece and made a bet. "It just wouldn't be sensible to pass up a price like that, would it?" Pop asked me gravely, and I agreed.

I beat Villa fairly easily on a decision. Ten days later he was dead. Just before the weigh-in Pancho had been complaining about an infected wisdom tooth. Pop and I put it down to the kind of training camp chatter you have to learn to ignore because usually all it means is that somebody's trying to build an advance alibi or make what looks like a one-sided fight look closer. But little Pancho did go into the ring with a bad tooth and whether or not it cost him the fight it did cost him his life after they had operated too late to keep the poison from spreading to his heart. A lot of people blamed poor Pancho's manager, afterward, for not calling off the fight. I think those who said the manager was responsible for the fighter's death were being too harsh. But I can't help thinking, and couldn't help thinking then, that if his manager had been Pop Foster, Pancho wouldn't have died. With Pop the fighter always came first and so many things could happen to hurt a fighter in the ring that the manager had to be sure nothing was going to hurt him outside it.

After the Villa fight the things that happen in books started happening to me.

I didn't get Villa's flyweight title for beating him because it was an overweight bout. But I did get \$6,000.

Continued on page 42

WINTER AHEAD



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When his art "Than "Th felt like anybod fighting busines came t away.

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Continued on page 42

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"What Do You Mean— Only ONE True Church?"

Non-Catholics often resent the claim that the Catholic Church alone is the true Church of Christ.

"You Catholics," some of them say, "have a lot of nerve. The Church is universal. Anybody can belong to it who accepts Christ as his personal Savior and models his life after Christ's teaching. We can be members of the true Church without being Catholics."

Many who feel this way about it are, of course, sincere and devout people. And it is not our intention to challenge the various shades of Christian thought which they represent. We do ask them, however, to understand that the Catholic claim is not a matter of arrogance or intolerance—but of the deepest religious conviction.

Nearly all Christians agree that there can be only one true Church. Yet there are hundreds of different denominations—some of them miles apart in what they teach—all claiming to be the true Church. Certainly all of them cannot be right... fact, only ONE can.

But which one? How can we identify it?

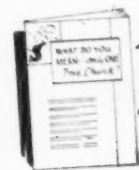
The Son of God made Himself recognizable to men by coming upon the earth with a body and soul like ours. It was in His physical body that He died for our redemption. Having thus so carefully revealed Himself to the people of His own time, would He not make equally sure that future generations should also know Him?

Catholics believe that the Savior did so, through the Church... in which he is "able at all times to save those who come to God through Him." The Church is,



therefore, not merely a body of people believing in Christ... but the body appointed by Christ Himself to continue His mission of redemption.

"He who hears you," the Savior said, "hears Me." For Catholics, this means that when the Church speaks it is Christ speaking. When the Church offers prayer and sacrifice and forgiveness of sins, it is Christ's prayer and sacrifice and forgiveness of sins. The Church, as Catholics see it, is Christ living in the world today!



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GIVE GENEROUSLY!

Continued from page 40

Pop and I went back to Vancouver again and I bought a new house for my mother and father and the eight brothers and sisters who were still living at home. Hard up as our family had always been, my mother wasn't the sort of woman who'd have let any amount of money change her convictions. But she looked at me very carefully and after 23 professional fights she couldn't find any scars on me. I think she was satisfied that whether what I was doing was a good thing or a bad thing for a 17-year-old boy to be doing I at least had a chance to come out of it with my health.

His Only Pro Fight in Canada

I set up a punching bag in the back yard of our new home. I punched the bag every day and ran five or six miles to Buffalo Park and back. On the way to the park I ran past a public tennis court and it was there I first saw Lillian Cupitt. Up to now I've tried to tell my story without bragging any more than I can help, so all I'd better say about Lillian is that she was and is a natural blonde, with blue eyes. Every time I ran past the tennis courts, I slowed down in the hope that I'd see somebody who knew me and might know her too. One day I did. I stopped and hung around until I got introduced.

I asked her if she'd play tennis with me sometime. She did, and beat me two straight sets—a professional athlete going on for 18, and her a junior high-school girl. From then on I decided that if I was going to impress her, I'd better stick to my own game. So for the rest of that trip I rerouted my road work past her house and sprinted down the block with my knees coming right up under my chin. Once I got her to come over to our place and watch me punch the bag. I hammered that bag to within an inch of its life. "Why, that's wonderful, Jimmy!" Lillian said. I knew she meant it, but I also had a sinking feeling that she couldn't imagine why anybody in his right senses would be doing such a thing in the first place.

I stayed in Vancouver to fight my first and only professional fight in Canada. It was against my old amateur rival, Mickey Gill. I won a 10-round decision, and Pop and I went back to Los Angeles to fight Jackie Fields in November.

The Fields fight was my first as a full-fledged featherweight. It was also the first fight in which Pop asked me to forget everything else and try for a fast knockout.

Like Fidel La Barba, Jackie Fields had been to the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris, won a world amateur championship and come home to turn pro. He was undefeated when I met him. Pop and I had seen him win a couple of times and had a lot of respect for him.

A story started going around town a day or two before the fight that the fix was in for Fields. We had no evidence that the story was right and I'm satisfied now that it wasn't. Still, Pop had been mixed up with fights and fighters for 40 years—plenty long enough for him to conclude that fixed fights aren't impossible, even without the knowledge of both or either of the fighters.

"You'd better go after this boy right away," Pop said.

Fields evidently had the same instructions. He charged across the ring and threw four good left jabs at my head before I made a feint. He nailed me with the first three, but I slipped the fourth and countered with a one-two. The bottom half of the counter, a left

to the ribs, spun him a little and started his hands moving down and the top half, the right, caught him on the point of the chin. I knew it was a hard punch when I threw it and when it landed I knew it was harder than I'd hoped. I heard his jaw crack and he went backward through the ropes. He got up and staggered toward the middle of the ring and then fell again before I could get to him. I knocked him down again before the bell and knocked him down twice more before he stayed down at 2.28 of the second round.

The X-rays showed that Jackie's jaw was broken in two places. And this is as good a point as any to repeat my favorite observation that you can never take anything for granted in boxing. The reason I repeat it here is that Fields came out of that crushing defeat to win 19 fights in a row and I came out of my smashing victory and headed straight toward oblivion.

Was It Time to Quit?

I was growing fast. I shot up more than six inches in the year between my 17th and 18th birthdays. It was obvious that before long I was going to be fighting lightweights and welterweights and Pop and I agreed I ought to slow myself down and give away a little speed for a little more power.

So while nature was making over my body I was making over my fighting style. While this process was going on I developed a slight attack of jaundice and in the next year and a half I had to take two fairly long layoffs—one of six months and another of four months. In that period I fought some good fights, but I also fought some fairly bad ones. I won another and lost another against Bud Taylor and knocked out Joey Sangor, a real good lightweight, in three rounds. But I lost decisions to Johnny Farr and Doc Snell, drew with Tommy Cello and was life and death to win from Cello, Joe Glick and Tenario Pelkey. None of these last five were pigeons. On the other hand they weren't going anywhere and I was the white-haired boy. I was trying as hard as ever, but I was missing punches I should have landed and getting hit by punches I should have slipped. If I'd been getting hurt or if I'd been losing repeatedly the solution would have been simple, though humiliating. I'd have quit or Pop would have made me quit. That had always been a clear understanding between us.

The papers began saying I was through—washed up at 19. I began to hear boos and look at empty seats. Sadly and tactfully, but with finality, the promoters who'd been scrambling to show me a year before told Pop and me they just couldn't afford to use me. I couldn't get a fight in San Francisco, Oakland or Los Angeles. We went to San Diego. I won four fights there, three of them by knockouts, but I knew I wasn't going anywhere from San Diego. We went back to Los Angeles and still couldn't get anything better than an offer to fight a semi-windup.

I'd been afraid to ask Pop the big question. I'd been afraid he was waiting for me to ask it and that his answer would be "Yes." Now I was afraid his answer wouldn't be "Yes." I had \$25,000 in the bank and I wanted to quit. I wanted to go back home and eat ice-cream sodas with Lillian, but I had either too much pride or too little pride to go back home on my own.

So I asked Pop if it was true that I was through. Pop said I wasn't. He said I was through in Los Angeles and through in San Francisco, but that was only a local disease. "You gave them

so many good fights they can't make allowances for the bad ones," Pop said. "You boxed like a man when you were 16. They can't understand why you should be boxing like a boy when you're 19."

Pop thought we ought to go to Chicago. I wasn't entirely convinced, but I agreed to go along for the ride. Pop wired Jim Mullen, Chicago's leading promoter, and asked if he'd be interested in showing me. Mullen wired back with flattering haste that he didn't have a match in sight immediately but that if we'd come he'd find one. I guess my record still looked all right on paper—especially to anybody who hadn't had to watch those waltzes against Snell, Cello and Pelkey.

We bought a secondhand Buick with the intention of driving it to Chicago. It broke down in Joliet, Ill., and we sold it and went on by train. We went to Mullen's office and asked a man there to direct us to a quiet family hotel. We lived in the hotel for a week before we discovered that it belonged to Al Capone and was inhabited mainly by his friends—not too serious a coincidence for a visiting schoolteacher or a clergyman, but the kind of thing that can ruin a boxer who hasn't much left but a reputation for honesty.

The Joke That Beat Kaplan

Mullen offered us a very good fight against a big-name fighter whom both Pop and I were sure I could lick. But just before the papers were to be signed, the other fighter's manager took Pop aside and said that of course no matter who won or lost it had to be clearly understood that nobody was going to get hurt. Pop promised that I'd kill the other fighter and that fight fell through.

We signed for another, this one against another fighter whom I see no point in naming. I was working out in a gymnasium in the Loop and the next day, without taking the trouble to find out whether my prospective opponent's manager was in the gym, I knocked out a sparring partner. The man I was supposed to fight developed a severe cold overnight and that fight fell through too.

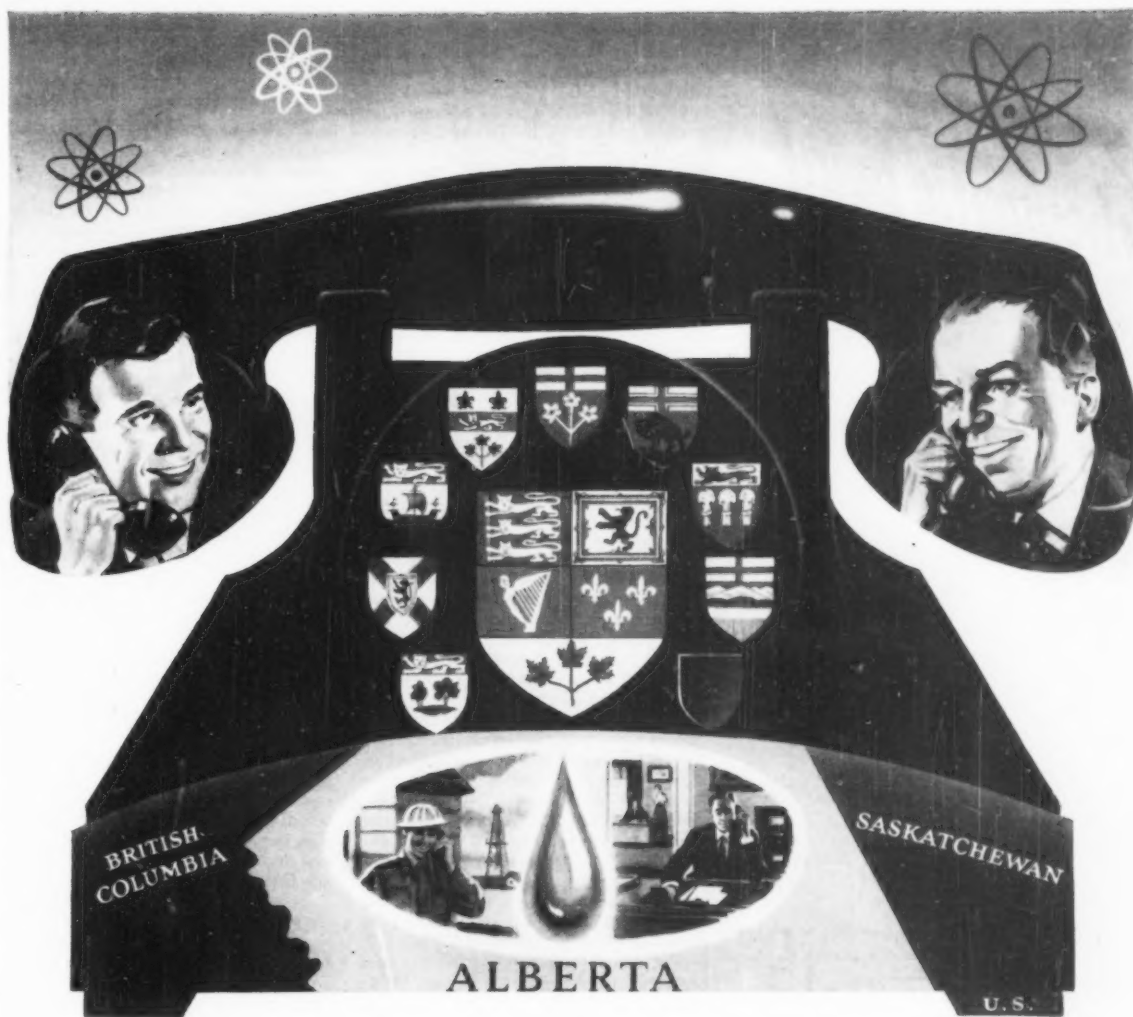
All this was very flattering, but I still didn't have a fight. I'll say this for Mullen: he was determined. He offered me Kid Kaplan.

Offering me Kid Kaplan at that stage of my career was like throwing a drowning man a crowbar. From the time I started fighting until the time I finished I never ducked fighting anybody at or near my weight, but I was tempted to duck Kaplan. He'd been world featherweight champion for more than two years, outgrown the class and won his first 11 fights as a lightweight. My instinct told me I could beat him but my reason told me I couldn't.

Pop decided. He said I could win, and we took the fight. It was set for Oct. 18, 1927.

Pop sent me out of my corner with his unfailing injunction to look after myself. "If he can't hit you he can't hurt you," he said. I walked across the ring and on the first punch of the fight, Kid Kaplan broke my jaw.

He did it with a left hook, as good a punch as I've ever seen or felt. I went right back on the back of my neck and I looked along my legs and saw my feet sticking out in front of me like tent pegs. It was the first time I'd ever been knocked down and I was too startled to stay there for the nine count. I got up right away. Kaplan punched me all over the ring for the rest of the round.



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The second round was almost the same. Kaplan knocked me down with a left. I got up right away and he came after me, throwing and landing punches with both hands. He didn't knock me down in the third, but he hit me just as often as he'd hit me in the first two.

In the corner I was tired, but I was far from gone. Between the first and second and the second and third rounds, Pop had been giving me advice—to come up a little with my left, to shorten up with my right, to circle to Kaplan's left. I waited to hear what he'd say now.

He sluiced a spongel of water down my face.

"Jimmy?" Pop said.

I waited for the water to run down my chest.

"Yes, Pop," I said.

"Why don't you try hitting him?"

Pop was and is a serious man. He knew there was nothing funny in this situation, either for me or for him. But I think he sensed that we'd both been living with and eating with and sleeping with our troubles so long that it was time we quit taking them so much to heart. I was nowhere near doubling up with mirth at Pop's unprecedented wisecrack. But I went out for the next round feeling looser and more relaxed, less as though the world was going to stop going round if a guy named Kid Kaplan happened to beat a guy named Jimmy McLarnin.

Kaplan was a bopper and a weaver, a very hard man to hit. I hit him in the fourth with a good left hook. He went down, but was up again without a count. I hit him with a right in the fifth and he stayed down for nine. All through the sixth and seventh I hit him the way he'd hit me in the first and second, but he wouldn't go down again. I got so tired hitting him that I could hardly lift my arms and my knees were beginning to sag. After the seventh I was hoping he'd knock me down again, just so I could feel that beautiful, restful floor.

I half rushed him and half stumbled at him at the start of the eighth. He was open and I hit him on the jaw with a right. I put everything from the ankles up into that punch. He fell again. I backed into a neutral corner. I don't really believe that God cares who wins a boxing match, but I leaned against the ropes praying that Kid Kaplan wouldn't get up. He got up at three, with his hands hanging down around his knees and his eyes far away. I hit him with another right and he stayed down.

Pop and I don't talk about fights very much any more. But when we do he tells me this was the best fight I ever fought. Maybe he's biased because he alone knows how low I was when it started and he alone knew how much winning it meant to me.

When Pop and I got back to our hotel there was a message to call Jess McMahon in New York. McMahon was Tex Rickard's matchmaker. Rickard held the boxing concession at Madison Square Garden in New York.

In the next part of his story Jimmy McLarnin tells of his big years in New York when he was fighting toward the title, and of the time he ate lemon pie with Legs Diamond, the notorious gangster. ★

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The Isles of Codfish and Champagne

Continued from page 8

is a town of 4,000 people, it is well-behaved, its feeble electricity, which comes on at dusk, fades out gently at midnight except in the cafés.

The young man sharing the Dagort's cabin told me, "In every house a woman sits behind lace curtains watching everyone that pass. If I take out two, three girl I am bad boy; if I take always one I am expect to marry wis her."

"What does St. Pierre do for a living?" I asked.

"Fishing and shopkeeping," someone said. M. Dagort ordered a round of grapefruit juice.

La Mode from Canada

Next morning everyone in the Miquelon peered anxiously into a fog. The engines stopped. "Always this happen when we come near our little country," they said. The engines started, stopped, started, the foghorn blared. At lunch the steward announced, "We arrive."

A ridge rising high above the sea crowded the town round the harbor where ships pointed to the Quai de la Roncière, a broad open space—partly macadamized—with a fountain that didn't play, and a roofless little bandstand on an oblong of tufted grass in the centre of it; with faded, flat-faced buildings round its three land sides like the backdrop for a stage set long ago and far away. It was a town from the Old World, not of America at all.

As we approached, St. Pierrais rushed over the quay to the wharf till it was crowded with people and dogs eagerly watching. The berets on the men came from France, I was told; the clothes on the women from Eaton's and Simpson's mail order in Montreal. The blue eyes and blond hair came from Brittany perhaps 450 years ago with the first settlers, the dark handsome faces from the Basque country, the sparkling black eyes from Normandy.

The solemn-faced pair standing aloof in high pill-box hats and khaki uniforms were *gendarmes* waiting to conduct me—a foreigner from Canada—to the Customs where I became wealthy by exchanging a few trim dollars for handfuls of tattered franc notes too limp and too large for my wallet. Today's legal rate of exchange in St. Pierre is 100 francs for 63 cents—double the rate of France.

Bystanders offered to carry my bags across the quay to the wooden Hotel Robert with its 14 rooms and several baths at 450 francs a day with meals and *vin ordinaire*. Preferring a place more intimate I rode in a truck to the restaurant-home of Mme. Dutin which had been recommended to me by a man on the quay.

A Kiss for the Cabbie

Her daughter, Marianne, petite, 17, and lovely, was laughingly kissed by my driver who refused my tip and ordered a round of liqueurs. "Me good St. Pierre boy," he said, "me wery correct wis you for learn English. You dance wis me tonight?"

Madame, stout, sharp-eyed and generous, spoke like a Newfoundlander. Half the working people of St. Pierre, she told me, are slightly Newfoundlanderish. Because maids have always been a problem men, years ago, went over to the outports and brought back fishermen's daughters who were eager to work in the fabled gay world of St. Pierre. They were taught French, they enjoyed French wine, they learned to

make *crêpes suzettes*, leek soup, *patisserie* and potatoes fried crisp and golden in olive oil. They married men of St. Pierre.

After tea and hot buns Marianne invited me to walk with her on the quay. This is the heart of St. Pierre. Life flows to and from the vessels at the piers, to and from the cafés, the shops, the fish company offices, the butter-colored post office with the bonnet-like roof on its tower. The quay is crossed by everyone who goes to the fine white church and yellow government buildings just around the corner. Salt-scarred trucks rattle over it. Blue and silver bicyclettes flash across it. Little crowds gather round the workmen on the wharves.

We saw a child get a basin of fish heads from a man in a dory. A priest zoomed down the hill on a bike, wearing a beret, a beard, a long-skirted robe and a cape that flowed behind him like wings. There were dozens and dozens of dogs, Newfoundland, poodles, hounds and their odd combinations. Young mothers walked two abreast with very new perambulators; men in rubber boots or sabots lounged against café walls; crusty golden loaves bounced in a dogcart led by a little girl with blue hair-bows.

When Homesick, They Strike

We heard rapid French conversation on the windy square; the bleat of a Renault sedan, the roar of a gasoline engine, the noise of hammers. We heard sleighbells, yes sleighbells, jingling in summer as a milkman's horse drew a two-wheeled cart with cases of milk frothing in champagne bottles. At the nearest pier the Miquelon was unloading coal. Beyond her the rusty old Fuydroyant had been pouring out salt for a week. She was victim of the last piracy on the Atlantic. In the days of prohibition she used to come over from France to sell liquor to boats which stole out from the U. S. coast. One night she was boarded by gangsters who held her officers captive till they sold the cargo themselves.

Marianne spoke proudly of the Joseph du Hamel, top trawler on the Banks and winner of the Croix de Guerre for gallantry during the war—her brother is one of the 66 men aboard her. In a week they'd be fishing again before going to France for the winter.

The Téméraire was waiting to come in. The Capitaine Armand's men were on strike; they wanted to go home. The tubby little freighter Béarn, half of St. Pierre's navy, had just arrived from Langlade where she goes every Tuesday in summer and during the September partridge shooting.

A Canadian freighter was going out: she'd brought vegetables, chickens and calves. Seven rowboats had come from Newfoundland with sheep tied to their gunwales. Four high-masted schooners were in for the night and the harbor was swarming with dories. A seaplane took off from the roads.

Everyone in St. Pierre seemed to be on the quay. It is fashionable to come there to learn what is going on. No newspapers reach the island (though some magazines do), radio reception is rare, telephones are installed in business establishments only. But mail comes in almost once a week, Western Union trans-Atlantic cables are relayed at St. Pierre, a blackboard in front of Henri Morazé's announces events to come, and of course anyone you meet might give you a morsel of gossip.

"They've not yet found Mlle. de Gasse who prayed at a hillside shrine and wandered away on a foggy morning last week," we were told.

"Yves and Gabrielle are betrothed," we hurried home to tell Marianne's *maman*.

Waiting for me in the Dutin's kitchen was a dapper *gendarme* who had come to collect a fine of 800 francs (\$5) because I'd entered the country without a passport. Mme. Dutin poured him an *apéritif*. He settled down to tell how bored he is in such a good town as St. Pierre: the guillotine is never needed, perhaps once a year there is a theft, only occasionally a rum-fired sailor is taken to the *gendarmérie* with the broken bottles sticking out of its walls.

"Ees mostly stranger drink in St. Pierre too much." He sipped his thimble of wine. "St. Pierrais have only a leetle bit often: to make pleasure with a comerade, at a meal *c'est necessaire* for ze digest, a liqueur in the coffee ees very nice and brandee before bed, onless there ees veesitor, den opens POP! ze champagne."

After dinner at eight Marianne took me to a hole-in-the-wall café. Seated at tiny tables were men in ship's officer's uniforms, young sailors wearing berets, boys in jackets, very black men from Senegal in the whitest shirts. Newfoundland fishermen in heavy peaked caps looked wistful. "Can only dance the squares or the Kintish Rambles. I'd thank ye, dear, ef ye wouldn't moind settin' out," they said to the girls, the laughing, pretty girls of St. Pierre who could have a hundred partners.

Lace at 20 Cents a Yard

A woman with hair dyed red was busy behind the bar. Marianne ordered juice. Everyone else drank champagne

and almost behaved with decorum. A little boy changed records on a loud and ancient machine ("Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon"). We watched the couples swaying on the greasy softwood floor.

"Dansez, mam'selle, s'il vous plait?" With dignity and gaiety Juliette joined the dancers.

"Mama does not me allow to have a boy till I am another year," she said as we ran home before the street lights faded.

Next day I wandered around the town. Streets radiate from the quay, they parallel the waterfront, they dwindle away to the hills. They have no sidewalks, no trees, no grassy lawns; the 107 shops are scattered among the 700 clapboard houses that touch one another flat against narrow gravel roads where cars and trucks with handmade license plates up to No. 151 have to honk at pedestrians and sleeping dogs to get the right-of-way.

There are butcher shops and baker shops and some that specialize in ship's supplies, in hardware, stationery, china; most have a general mixture and some have empty shelves. In dim interiors are rows and rows of bottles with prices marked in francs: apricot brandy 105 a quart (about 70 Canadian cents), *creme de menthe* 134, anisette 138, Benedictine 242, muscat, Malaga, St. Rafael, Napoleon 165, Pernot, Dubonnet, Cointreau, cognac, champagne, whisky, rum and beer.

Shelves of groceries and clothing have Canadian brand names and prices. Most popular are cartons of delicate wafers, boiled sweets, chocolate and pickles from France. Hand-made French lace is 20 cents a yard. There are dainty kid gloves, Swiss watches for \$15, pipes, jewelry, cameras, for a song, and cosmetics, the very best, for 50 francs a box. Perfumes that



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No one tried to sell me anything except M. Ledret, who stands on the quay and hands out cards which tell of delights in his shop on Rue Sadi Carnôt. And he is frowned on in St. Pierre where high-pressure salesmanship is as rare as insurance salesmen because neighbors contribute enough money to rebuild a house that is burned down.

Dominique Borotra, one-time mayor of Miquelon and member of the governing *Conseil Général* waited quietly alone in the most modern shop. His deep-set eyes were sad as he looked at half-empty shelves. "Almost everything we need is bought from Canada," he said, "and we have not enough dollars to pay. France makes up the difference for us. But will France keep pouring money into St. Pierre forever for nothing but codfish?"

The old man sighed. "Perhaps because I am old my heart is full of fear. It would not be easy to see our country sold; we have preserved here well the French way of life; to us it is more than precious. I don't know, I don't know what will happen to us. We go up and we go down. I am perplex and very tired."

The largest shop on the quay belongs to the man who owns the theatre, the rink, a dance hall, a farm and summer home on Langlade. He didn't talk to me, he shouted, "France will never let us go. St. Pierre-Miquelon will soon be top place for visitor in North America. On Langlade I will build a swell hotel and a casino bigger than Monte Carlo. Everyone will come to play the games and drink French wines, to dance, swim, and fish in the sea. St. Pierre will be like night time in Paris."

Bedrooms Full of Bubbly

The flashy red Nash in front of Landry and Co.'s tobacco and wine shop was waiting for genial Georges Landry who, as president of the Bank of Commerce—and father-in-law of the Governor—insisted on special permission to import an American car because every day he must drive out to inspect Le Frigo, the great concrete fish-freezing plant that stands on the edge of the roadstead. Except one room, used for storing food and bait, the decaying building, which cost 17 million francs, has not been freezing fish for 30 years, yet it represents the colony's only industry: the shipping of fish caught off the shores of the islands and the transshipping of salt cod brought in by the trawlers.

"The hundred motor dories of St. Pierre go out every day the weather gives permit yet they bring in less fish in a year than one small French trawler will unload after three months on the Banks," Landry told me, "but the fishermen, usually the poorest people of any land, can live better here than they could anywhere else in the world. France gives allowances to every child, to all wives who stay home, assists unemployment insurance, subsidizes three schools, gives scholarships for study in France, pays old-age pensions, gives care to mothers and babies, provides an old people's home and a hospital with two military doctors. All but 50 families own their homes which have hot running water, electricity, central heating and always red wine on the table. Of course, we have taxes but they are not high or France would have to pay them herself."

Le Frigo was built after World War I to store fish for the French trawler fleet but in 1923, when the U. S. was thirsty, St. Pierre forgot about fish. Le Frigo held a million bottles of

Scotch. Spare bedrooms and basements were filled with champagne, the ancient naval barracks stored cognacs and liqueurs, warehouses for rum and Canadian rye were built along the waterfront. A hundred boats waited in the harbor to take on contraband.

The traffic was perfectly legal, of course, from St. Pierre's point of view. Boats were dutifully cleared by the Customs. There was no trouble till they left the islands to hide their treasure along the mainland coast.

Repeal and Recession

Fortunes were made by the American racketeers who established offices in St. Pierre and by less than 10 St. Pierreais who were their agents. A government tax on liquor balanced the budget of the colony, provided a reserve, built roads, wharves, reservoirs for water. Merchants imported fancy goods, hotels were filled, cafés overflowed, private finances soared.

In 1933 the U. S. decided to drink honestly again. Soon St. Pierre's easy money was gone. Le Frigo was empty. The fishermen mended their nets but they had forgotten how to live like fishermen. The little town grew shabby.

Then came World War II. When the Nazis entered France, St. Pierre was in a dilemma. The entire French fishing fleet out on the Grand Banks rushed into her little harbor and 1,400 lusty, hungry, unpaid men swarmed all over the port till, two months later, they made a run for Casablanca.

Meanwhile the governor of the colony arranged for the use of French credits in New York and Montreal to provide his people with food. He tried to keep them submissive to Vichy but most of the veterans of the World War I became enthusiastic De Gaullists. There were unarmed battles on the quay and 150 young men and women escaped to Newfoundland or Canada to join the Free French forces.

Early in the morning of Dec. 23, 1941, four French corvettes came in battle line to St. Pierre. The sleepy people tumbled down to the quay shouting, "Vive de Gaulle." In half an hour steel-helmeted landing parties carrying Tommy guns and flasks of *vin ordinaire* had taken over the town. The Vichy executives were held on the flagship of the little flotilla. Next day a plebiscite was taken and 98% of the colony voted for Free France. The male population was mobilized at last and troops were stationed in the colony till the war was over.

Tombs with Portholes

Now France has a 10-year social and economic plan for her colonies and it is well begun in St. Pierre. A new school is being erected, an orphan's institute, a fish-drying plant, and an office building have been planned; an emergency landing field is being prepared on Miquelon; before another year a large pier will be begun for the trawler fleet, there will be a power plant on the hills and Le Frigo may be in operation (freezing fish).

I stayed two weeks in St. Pierre and could have enjoyed myself longer. People smiled at me shyly, some stopped to talk—they loved to practice their English, to laugh at my groping French. They drove me to see their three unprofitable fox farms and the strange cemetery with portholes in the cement tombs; they invited me to their homes for a glass of their prize imported wine and a chat.

The Baslés over on Gallantry Point in a very small house by the sea gave me tea with bread and cheese and *pâté*. Jean-Baptiste was lightkeeper not

long ago and they live on a pension and fishing. Their son is a carpenter and earns 40 francs an hour. They're hoping to find enough dollars one day to smuggle in a bow for his fiddle. They wrapped up two fine fat mackerel for me to take along for my dinner. Let me pay? "Oh no, *mam'selle*, it is such a pleasure to have a visitor from the world."

Over to Lonely Miquelon

One evening the St. John's football team came to Mme. Dutin's for dinner. Marianne, in charming French custom, put her arms lightly around the captain's neck and touched both his cheeks with her lips. A shout went up from the rest of the team and the captain, of course, was transported. "I've never met people like these St. Pierreais," he glowed, "they'd give you anything. In the cafés they treat us to drinks, they won't let us spend any money, they gave us a dance, they're paying our board for an extra day and when we won a game they cheered louder than when they beat us."

One day I voyaged in the Béarn to the queer lonely village of Miquelon, which was established by Acadians in 1755. It is 25 miles from St. Pierre at the northern end of Miquelon Island on a flat strip of low land between two seas whose winds and tides and fogs try to obliterate it.

The 500 people there live as their forefathers did—every family fishing, cultivating a sliver of land and raising a few animals. Their ancient houses and connecting barns stretch out in two long rows separated by a muddy, grassy sort of boulevard with gardens down the centre closely fenced by unpeeled saplings to keep out the goats and dogs and fowls that wander everywhere. Fishing cabins stand on a parallel strip of beach where dories are drawn up by capstans and codfish are dried on the stones. The young Miquelonais love to visit St. Pierre but the older ones piously say it is much too giddy.

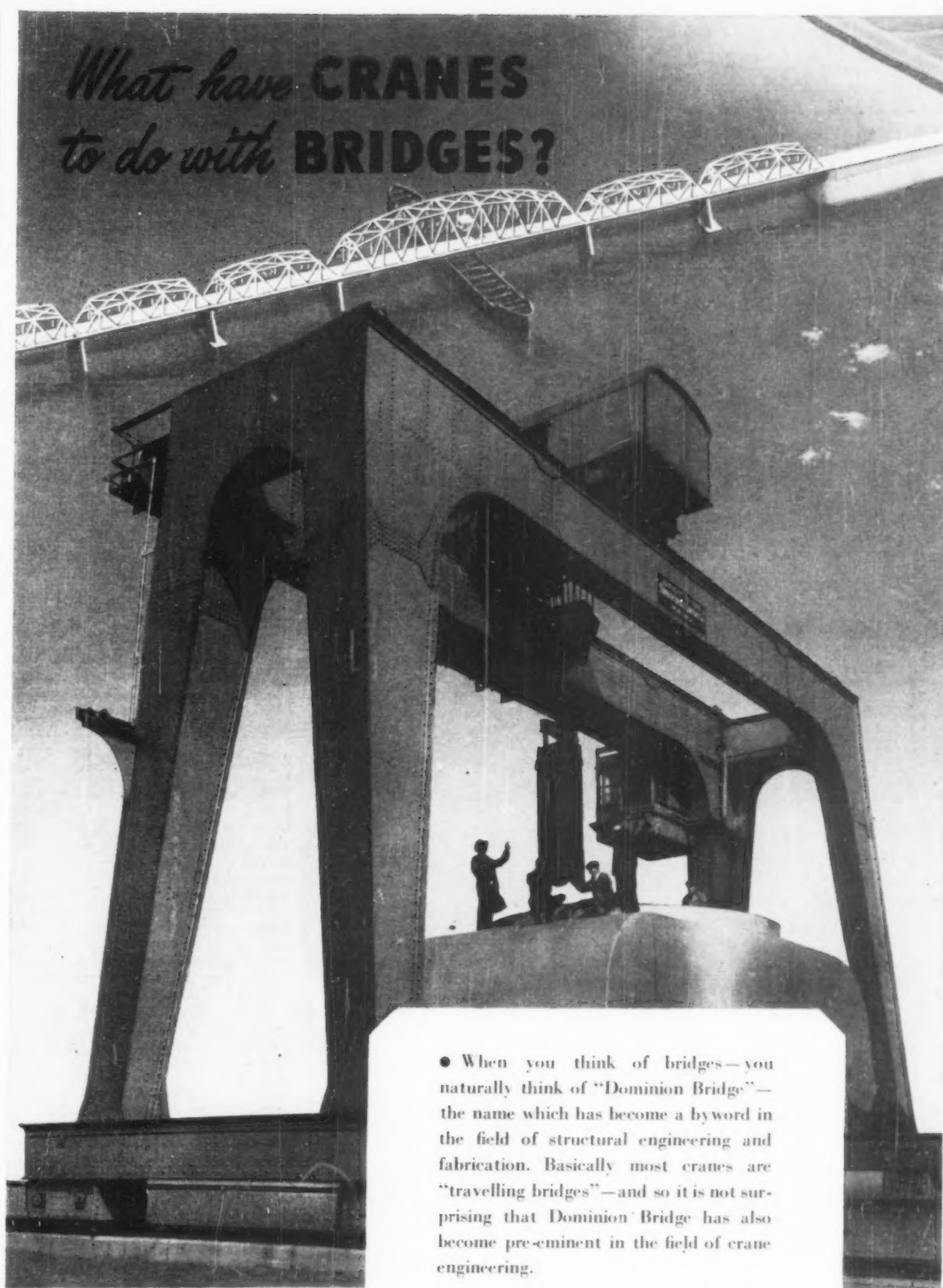
Not Good But Plenty Fun

The young people in St. Pierre complain about boredom. Every morning I saw Marcel Maxine on the quay. A good-looking young man with smiling blue eyes he came there to throw rocks into the water to repair the wharf. "Dem big ones is hard work for we," he said. "We got always too much to do at one time and none at de odder. In winter there is for us only shovelling snow."

He looked wistfully at the boats in the harbor. "Don't you tink Canada should take all dis like she take Newfoundland? When schooner come in I go on board and listen to fishermen talk. Dey got more money now dat dey got Canada. I like to go dere to see what is like but I French and I got no trade. Can't git trade in St. Pierre."

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "You go to café? Every night I go. Notting else to do in St. Pierre. Too much drink, not good, but plenty fun, eh?"

As I stood on the deck of the freighter that took me away from St. Pierre I regretfully watched the little town fading softly into its mists. A French warship on a routine visit had anchored in the roads, red pompoms on the berets of its sailors enlivened the cafés, hearts fluttered when a naval officer crossed the quay. And in the Great Hall (once a liquor warehouse) the governor and his lady, the civil servant and his wife, the fisherman, the butcher boy and his girl, danced the samba, the tango, the twirling French waltz while the champagne sparkled on every table. ★



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Dinner Over at Madame Burger's

Continued from page 14

his refrigerator if he isn't going to use them right away. His boss is under strict orders not to buy anything not on the list without consulting him.

On a typical shopping trip she starts with the meat wholesalers, Swift's or Canada Packers in Ottawa, where she picks a white smock off a nail and saunters through the sawdust in the cold room examining the meat hanging from hooks. She enquires how long the meat has hung, fingers the grain and buys only the best.

Then she joins the labyrinth of traffic that snails around Ottawa's open market where she buys fruits, vegetables and poultry, adding an element of suspense to the proceedings by habitually signaling a turn with only the very tips of her fingers out of the window. Sometimes it's a half hour before she finds a space near the market square in the shadow of the Chateau Laurier, occasionally settling for one marked "No Parking."

Holding her list she joins the crowd and is pushed from stall to stall. She never bargains; if the price isn't right she passes on, expressionless. "If I bargain then when they see me coming they put up the price a few cents and let me argue them down. I would gain nothing and waste much time." After pricing chickens four times she buys eight for \$15.45. By the same method she buys a bushel of cucumbers for 75 cents, a dozen bunches of radishes for 25 cents.

A Barrymore With Apron

She also buys custom-made vegetables—celery roots—which she trained a Quebec farmer to grow. This vegetable, a delicacy in Europe but almost unknown on this continent, is obtained by ruthless pruning of celery plants so the root becomes the size of a medium potato. Sliced, browned in butter and then baked amid onion rings and other seasonings, the vegetable was introduced last spring at Burger's and is enjoying great success. Raw, it goes well in salads.

Mme. Burger orders all her purchases to be carried to her car and gives detailed instructions about her parking place. When she returns the loin of beef in the trunk has been wedged to a basket of silver-skin onions, a sack of potatoes and a crate of peaches. The back seat is a horn of plenty with lettuce, tomatoes, string beans, eggplant, garlic buds, plucked chickens, celery roots, radishes and cucumbers. Beside her in the front seat she takes raspberries and corn. Total expenditure: \$56.35.

Henry Burger, a German-Swiss who came to Canada in 1914, has become a legend in Ottawa and Hull and his reputation is lovingly cultivated by his

widow. According to people who knew him Henry was a courtly, handsome man with a flair for the dramatic. Gourmets claim that not only were his *crêpes suzettes* unparalleled for taste but his performance at the chafing dish was pure Barrymore. He had a remarkable memory and could identify people 20 years after the brief acquaintanceship of bowing them to a table and accepting the order. His widow sometimes fumbles a name, but never forgets a face.

Henry had been chef at several European hotels before going to New York where, among other elegant establishments, he was chef at the old Waldorf-Astoria. In 1914 he was hired by the Chateau Laurier as chef and later as *maitre d'hôtel* and here he served politicians, statesmen, and occasionally such royalty as the Prince of Wales.

Six years later he returned to Switzerland and married French-Swiss Marie Monnin, who, some say, was under the impression that Henry owned at least a chain of hotels in Canada. If this was true, the misunderstanding could have been the fault of Henry's personality: he had an air of royalty that few monarchs could match.

In 1922 Henry left the Chateau Laurier and opened Chez Henri in Hull. Though almost all his patronage would come from Ottawa Henry preferred the one notable advantage Hull could give him—a liquor license. The atmosphere was very French, very Bohemian, and the food was excellent.

Henry's success in this new venture was perhaps not due so much to the food as to his skill at keeping out undesirable factions. Hull's culture at that period was illuminated by a good, strong red light and Ottawa blades frequently visited the town only after dark and without wives. Burger wanted to encourage families to come to dinner. He used the familiar "All our tables are reserved" and when this failed would prohibit known harlots or their agents from smoking or walking from table to table. An impassioned reporter from the Hull Beacon wrote of Burger's in an editorial, announcing he had witnessed neither noise, drunkenness, fighting nor obscene talk. "It's like an English pub," he wrote. "People don't get drunk there."

In 1929, at the crest of Burger's success, some financiers from Toronto persuaded him to expand and open a hotel called Chez Henri, a glistening chrome and pastel palace which he was to manage. Henry was delighted, but his customers were stunned. He had no time to greet them, the atmosphere was that of a large, impersonal hotel dining room and efficiency was the keynote. After the crash of '29 his customers ate at home—when they could eat—and Chez Henri's business all but disappeared.

Henry got out, financially broken, and Mme. Burger says her husband was never the same after. They were five months getting a new liquor

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

B.C.'s Hanging Judge

By Bruce Hutchison

Meet the man behind the myth of Matthew Baillie Begbie, the terror of the mining camps, who sang in the church choir and was the darling of colonial drawing-rooms in early Victoria. Bruce Hutchison adds a fascinating figure to the cavalcade of Canada brought full and lusty to life in this Maclean's series.

IN MACLEAN'S NOV. 15

ON SALE NOV. 10

license and they opened again under the name of Café Henry Burger. Patrons were a long time discovering the new place, which had no funds for advertising, and it was surprising they found it at all since it was located over a hardware store. Reluctant to admit that the hotel's namesake was operating in competition the management of Chez Henri for years pretended Henry Burger was still there, had only stepped out for lunch or a bit of fishing.

The new café was almost deserted through the lean mid-'30s. Waiters, among them Enrico Cerutti the present headwaiter, almost outnumbered the customers and many times a couple ate alone in a room full of empty tables. "We're so glad you came now when it is quiet," Henry would say smoothly. "We just had such a mob in here!"

Things improved but in 1936 Henry died suddenly and the city's epicures mourned. Mme. Burger carried on—some people had been saying that she did all the work anyway.

The widow had some early setbacks. In 1942 a chimney caught fire and smoke and water ruined her rugs and newly decorated walls. In 1943, a year to the day from the first fire, the hardware store burned and with it the café. Mme. Burger, who had a small apartment at the back of the café, lost the souvenirs of a lifetime, fine paintings, caricatures signed by famous friends, china plates she had collected from all over Europe, all her pictures of her husband.

Sauce—a Divine Gift

During the eight months it took her to find new quarters, buy the equipment and build a new kitchen, bath-rooms, refrigerated room for the meat, wine cellar and a two-roomed apartment for herself on the second floor of the house, Mme. Burger kept her chef and several waiters on salary. It was at the time during the war when supplies for even a bride's kitchen were scarce. She used all her tact, persistence and influence to get her café ready, even using bits and pieces cast off from other restaurants. But a few months after she opened again her restaurant served 8,000 people in one month.

Very few of these were the species known as gourmets—people whose sense of taste is so developed that they find wine chilled five degrees too much or too little almost unpalatable or can name the dozen ingredients of a tricky sauce simply by smelling it. Not more than 10 Canadians, according to Mme. Burger, are real gourmets but she is too discreet to name any of them.

Most of the discriminating palates catered to by Café Henry Burger belong to Europeans, English, Dutch, French, some Italians. One French diplomat made a practice of taking his aperitif into the kitchen where he and the cook ecstatically discussed what the diplomat would eat that night, what he had eaten before, what he hoped one day to taste.

Their talk centred on sauce. In fine cooking it is sauces that really count. A great French chef once said

that while a man can learn to be a meat cook or a pastry cook, a sauce cook was an act of God. Chef Doseger keeps on hand about a gallon of what are known as basic sauces: tomato, *espagnol* (a brown sauce) and *béchamel* (a white sauce). Also available, with a film of melted butter to prevent a skin from forming, are chicken *velouté*, a white sauce to which chicken stock has been added, and fish *velouté*, the same sauce to which fish *bouillon* has been added. These white sauces are not to be confused with the aforementioned *téchéamel*, but instead are the same white sauces used as the base for *béarnaise* and *hollandaise* sauces. An intricate business.

While Mme. Burger is knowledgeable about fine cooking, she never interferes with Doseger. "I never say anything, he knows best," she remarks. She eats all her meals in her own place, chicken *en casserole* being one of her favorites.

The menu at Madame Burger's, written almost entirely in French, is filled with such international delicacies as *les escargots à la Bourguignonne* (snails), at \$1; Russian caviar *osétova*, \$2.50; lobster *Thermidor*, \$3.50 for two; *crêpes suzettes*, \$2 for two; *coeur de palmier* (hearts of palm tree, a vegetable), 75 cents; and *pêches flambées* (peaches, cooked in sugar and burned with cointreau and brandy, a dessert), at \$1.

The restaurant's reputation was made with its steaks and the *filet mignon* (\$2 week days, \$2.50 Sundays), broiled over charcoal and cooked every day in a different style, is the most popular choice of the patrons. Some days Doseger cooks 100 steaks.

Customers who can't dredge up the English equivalent of *gigolotte d'agneau de printemps* from their high-school French are put at ease by head waiter Cerutti, who murmurs politely "What would you like—chicken *poule*, meat *viande* or fish *poisson*?" Cerutti, who is known to many visitors as "Voilà" because of his style of serving—a flourish of the hand, a slight bow and a triumphant *voilà*—is a big shy man whom many regulars credit with being the heart of the establishment.

Mme. Burger only shakes her head sadly at the thought of her customers who eat their meals without wine or a liqueur, but Cerutti and Doseger are more voluble. "How can they enjoy their food without wine? It's barbaric!"

To tempt trade at the bar at Café Henry Burger, where business fell off sharply when Ottawa opened bars of its own under new Ontario liquor legislation, Mme. Burger keeps many rare wines in her cellar. In addition she has maintained her practice of serving Manhattans and Martinis undiluted by ice; they are stored overnight in the refrigerator.

Chef Doseger is not only appalled by the Canadian habit of the water glass at table, but also totally confused when he sees a woman in a mink coat eat a hamburger or a man step out of a Cadillac to buy a hot dog. "They buy the best clothes, the best homes, the best cars," he murmurs, stunned. "But do they eat the best? No!" ★

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Riches for the Little Rooster

Gratien Gélinas, the brilliant Canadian actor, writer and producer, created the famous stage characters of Fridolin and Tit-Coq. He's also made money and a reputation that looks like paying off really big on Broadway next year.

IN MACLEAN'S NOV. 15

ON SALE NOV. 10



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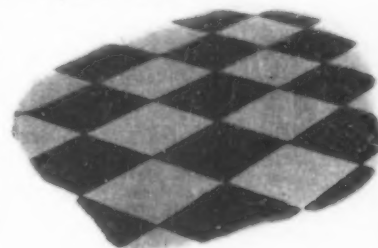
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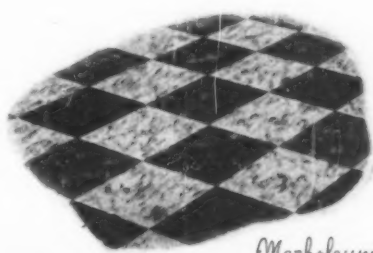
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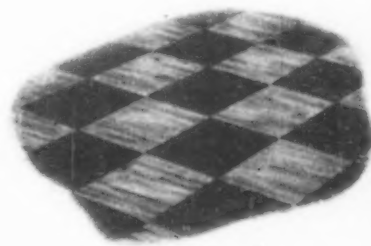
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The vintage comedies continue with TONY DRAWS A HORSE, which has Cecil Parker and many of the film-making specialists with whom he worked so happily in CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

★ ★ ★
The story deals with the everlastingly unsettled problem of how to bring up a child or not, as the case may be. In stage form, it is a current top hit in London. British dramatic successes now reach Canadian screens while still at their peak in spotlight form.

★ ★ ★
WATERFRONT is melodrama and in the tradition of violent realism which Robert Newton does superbly. The thriller background is authentically perfect: the Liverpool docks.

★ ★ ★
For blonde Susan Shaw, seen above, co-starring with the master of mayhem, WATERFRONT marks graduation from teen-age status to earned stardom as an actress.

★ ★ ★
BITTER SPRINGS is straight from the Australian bush, loaded with action, aboriginals and sheep-stealing. The cast includes Chips Rafferty, Broken Hill philosopher and comedian, Tommy Trinder, London's most exuberant comic and Corinne Jackson, ex-TRAIL LITTLE ISLANDS.

★ ★ ★
After SO LONG AT THE FAIR with its plush Paris settings, Jean Simmons comes back to Britain in CLAUDE YOUNG. The story gives this fine young actress a role which builds up from light romance to a spine-tingling suspense climax.

To be sure you see these new films, ask the proprietor of your local theatre.



Oil Town Mayor

Continued from page 13

no movie houses, drug stores, banks, fire department or inside plumbing.

The old-timers watched their straggling community jump from a population of 160 to a jam-packed 3,500 in two years. Undreamed-of and unprepared-for prosperity arrived as nine restaurants, a 25-room hotel, four more general stores, three lumber yards, two banks, two movie theatres, a real estate and insurance office, clothing stores, jewelry stores, hardware, dance hall, drugstore and new post office sprang into existence. Trains started running every day to a commodious new station where a stationmaster and staff gave 24-hour service.

Boom Amid the Rye

With the march of progress also came a Board of Trade, Youth For Christ, a radio-telephone system, regular milk delivery, a policeman, 19 street lights, two or three lengths of paved sidewalk and a mimeographed newspaper. On the three business streets Railway, First and Main—real estate was a bed-lam thing.

"Three years ago," Len Walker said, "you could have bought the whole town for two or three hundred dollars. Who would want it?" Now, on Main Street, a dirt road with its wooden sidewalk reeling tipsily across town, lots sell for \$3,000. William Skoldny found himself in the happy position of owning a farm bordering the railway tracks, part of which he quickly subdivided for home lots at \$300 to \$600 apiece, thereby doing a stroke of business which made many who struck oil look like poor relations. Skoldny's field of rye became a crazy-quilted shantytown of converted chicken coops, ancient streetcars, jerry-built structures, tents and trailers lining unpaved streets.

The beating heart of the boomtown is the Redwater Hotel where Steve Malowany, a farmer turned businessman, and his partners, the Melenka brothers, preside. It serves as an eatery and sleepery, a social centre and occasional town hall.

Passing through the hotel's double doors you get at once the full blast of the oiltown. Grouped around foaming tables are the men who man the oil rigs, roughnecks and tool-pushers in their pusher boots, peaked caps and hard hats; production men from the well sites; village merchants, some of whom landed in from distant parts of Canada to set up their shingles and ride along with the boom; engineers from Ontario, Texas and Oklahoma who have followed the smell of oil all their lives; farmers who have been in the district since the turn of the century; truck drivers in battered hats and wind-breakers; salesmen, geologists and a few women. It's a mixed tavern with a ratio of about 40 to 1. All are enveloped in a smoky hubbub where a babble of tongues runs conversation from the heights of wheat to Viking gas—a gas-bearing stratum in the Leduc and Redwater fields.

Saved by Inexperience

Money finds its way into the hotel so fast that one of the local banks, running short of cash one day, sent over there for a \$2,000 temporary loan.

With this boom right in their laps the three village fathers were faced with problems that would stagger a metropolitan city council and its sub-committees. As Walter Malowany mildly observed, "What this town needed most was everything."

Millions of dollars were flowing to the Alberta Government from Redwater oil royalties and the lease of mineral rights, but at the start of the boom the village itself had only \$732.43 in the bank. Walker, Malowany and Muzyka were saved from frenzy by philosophic calm and inexperience.

One of the first things they did was to commandeer a small building on Main Street as their office, a former granary moved out of the fields to the centre of town. They had to share this 12 by 16 foot wooden structure with insurance, real estate and notary public services.

A Chance for All

Then, with the help of the Board of Trade, Redwater's governing trio reared back and passed legislation like crazy, their bylaws flying out of the former granary like confetti at a wedding: cars must stop at stop signs, garbage must be disposed of, taxes must be paid, 16-year-olds and under must get off the streets after 9 p.m.

Bylaw No. 14 laid down zoning and building regulations. It is a fine grandiose document delineating residential, commercial, industrial and agricultural districts and conjuring up visions of a model city-of-tomorrow. With living room space prescribed at 960 cubic feet minimum, private stables relegated back 60 feet from the front of any building and backyards required to be at least 25 feet long, the residential zone, on paper, would almost do credit to Vancouver's Shaughnessy Heights. Winnipeg's River Heights or Toronto's Forest Hill, except for Section 12 e which states, "A privy . . . shall be situated not less than 100 feet from any front street and shall be enclosed in the front and sides . . . by a wall or a hedge." Proclamation of the bylaw, however, would have a tornado effect in the ramshackle boomtown, lifting off about nine tenths of the structures. It's never been enforced.

A flood of business license applications confronted the village councilors as prospective dry cleaners, door-to-door photo salesmen, truckers and sundry merchants appeared in person to state their cases. "Give every man a chance" was Mayor Walker's wide-open policy.

To one businessman applying for an exclusive license he said, "We are not giving any man a franchise to run anything in this town. I am in favor of free enterprise."

His Boss Appeals

One of the tougher problems facing Walker, Malowany and Muzyka was how to provide gas for cooking and heating in homes. They discussed this at great length as they sat in council above a vast reservoir of natural gas measured in billions of cubic feet. They finally signed a contract with a gas company to tap into this and pipe it out.

Preboom Redwater hadn't been able to afford a resident doctor but by the time the three councilors got to grips with the problem they found it wasn't a question of getting a doctor but of building a hospital.

The village's bank balance disappeared like escaped gas, but after the first scientific assessment of property the councilors were able to borrow \$30,000 from the bank which, incidentally, was located in the showroom of a garage.

Putting business on a coltish village by way of tax assessment wasn't easy, however, and a howl of pain arose from many property owners. About



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one third of the taxable populace appealed. One appeal came from Walker's own boss, the Redwater Hotel. Being rather close to His Worship, one of the owners said to his chief desk clerk, "You put the appeal in for us, Len."

"Hell," the Mayor said, "I couldn't do that. I'm one of the judges. I can't appeal something to myself."

While the hotel bar slaked many a thirst there was still considerable demand for water, and this problem like many others, was solved for the council by an eager private enterpriser. Twenty-three-year-old Andy Moisey arrived in from Edmonton and started hauling water by horse and wagon at 10 cents a pail for shacktown families and merchants. Young Moisey worked up to three trucks and six employees with a haul of 7,000 gallons of water daily. On Saturday nights he hauls 500 gallons to H. B. Payne, the barber, who operates a public shower bath.

Town Without a Jail

Redwater hired as town constable Jack Gordon, a former Army provost and Queens University man, but when Gordon arrived last June he found little crime—"only a few wife beatings." This was perhaps fortunate as the constable found no uniform for him when he arrived, and still has no handcuffs and no jail.

Walker, Muzyka and Malowany were helped in their civilizing efforts by a pioneering young newsman and former air force veteran, Eddie Arrol, who arrived to start mimeographing the Redwater News.

In spite of the frenzied problem of riding herd on this human stampede Len Walker thoroughly enjoys his mayoralty—not for any top-hat notions but because, as he says, "I wanted to see what we could make of the old place."

Len Walker, born within the sound of Bow Bells, left a clerking job in London when he was 20, emigrated to Manitoba. After seven years there he went homesteading among strangers at Redwater in 1912. There were some Anglo-Saxon families out there, such as the Cooks, Hinkleys and Smalleys, but most of the farmers were straight from the Ukraine. They bore names like Manchuk, Ziniuk, Yakimac, Chaba and Malowany. They were not strangers to Len Walker for long.

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An old settler in Redwater likes to tell how, in harder times, he went to Walker for a land transfer when Len was a Justice of the Peace. "I had only 25 cents in my pocket and I am scared Mr. Walker will charge me maybe one dollar. But not Mr. Walker. He sign the paper and say, 'No charge, Stephan.'"

Maybe that's why, when Len Walker determined to be mayor, the Ukrainian

voters plumped their ballots for him, put their Cockney friend at the top of the poll above candidates of their own kin.

Money, mayoralty, a pleasant job, fine wife, new home and car haven't changed the modest but colorful nature of the limber little farmer—"I'm the same old Len Walker." It's also true, he says, of his friends who got small fortunes from oil—"None of 'em have gone crazy."

Walker's old friend Moses Sandage, who got quite irate about the tax assessment on his new house in the

village, will receive around \$90,000 before his surface rights leases run out. Mrs. Sandage said to him one day, "Oh, but we'd be millionaires if we had mineral rights." Moses asked reprovingly, "Now what would you be doing with a million dollars?" She replied, "Why, I'd just sit here and hug my old water bottle as I'm a-doing now."

The Alberta Government retained most of the mineral rights when land was sold to the farmers, and few have become oil millionaires overnight in the fabulous pattern of Oklahoma and Texas.

Sometimes the farmers of Redwater sigh for the individual wealth that might have been. Times like that they remember Alfred Coyne, a geologist, who 30 years ago advised the district farmers to get oil rights if they could.

But when Len Walker gets around to that champagne party there'll be lots to celebrate. There's the five new wells, for instance, and the fat cheques, a train every day, and the 19 street lights which blaze out on the prairie to mark the town of Redwater. In a way, each of those lamps tells a part of the story of Len Walker. ★



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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 4

do their Quebec candidates would get the unwelcome support of the die hard isolationists who'd back anybody at all against the 'Liberal warmongers.'

George Drew and George Nowlan president of the Progressive Conservative Association, both had the same reaction. Drew said, in effect, "I don't care what it costs, I'm having no part of this." Nowlan agreed. They dropped all their well-laid plans for winning Joliette and contesting Ste. Marie and Rimouski and the PC's sat out the by-election.

* * *

Liberals, of course, face the same dilemma in their own way—as any national party must.

It's conceded here, by those who have studied the manpower problem, that Canada can't do much more in the way of raising troops without some form of compulsory service. To put another brigade of 5,000 men in Europe we'd need not just 5,000 but something like 9,000 men — reinforcements, supply troops, etc.

Why do we need supply troops? Why not use American "pipe lines" to feed and arm our men?

One example gives you the answer: Our troops in Korea will use Bren gun carriers, a vehicle the U. S. Army never heard of. The Bren carrier uses the same gas, oil and spark plugs as any other, but it's propelled by a track, like a caterpillar tractor. The track has to be repaired or replaced from time to time—that calls for Canadian parts and Canadian mechanics. Military men agree that it would be unwise, even dangerous, simply to deliver a load of spare parts to the Pentagon Building

in Washington and let them filter their way to Korea through a long chain of American quartermasters who don't know what a Bren gun carrier is.

That's just one example; there are plenty of others. Until standardization has gone a long way further than it's gone yet any Canadian force will need some supply and maintenance of its own. Therefore each additional formation has to be a brigade group or more (it wouldn't be worth while to supply a smaller force) and each will call for 9,000 men.

In peacetime, with only volunteer methods, Canada can't do this often. If another crisis breaks out, or a unified European army required North American support, what then?

* * *

Already, peacetime conscription has been discussed—or at least mentioned—in Canadian Cabinet meetings. But that is a long way from saying the Cabinet has decided upon it or is even in favor of it. As any Canadian government would be, the Cabinet is scared to death of it.

Few people here have any hope, though many wish, that we shall actually have peacetime conscription—not for a while yet, anyway. The highest hope, in any responsible quarter, is for an early attempt at national registration. Get everybody listed, identified, classified as to occupation, age and civil status.

This is a vital preliminary to any kind of mobilization, even a voluntary one on any large scale. For instance, National Defense does not even know how many of the Reserve Army could be called up without crippling war industries—they don't know how many reserve soldiers are in key defense jobs. They don't know what the theoretical maximum is for Canadian armed



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services. They can't plan realistically for any kind of emergency.

Even national registration will take a bit of selling, politically. Quebec regards it as a step toward conscription—which of course it is. The additional step may not be taken, but national registration is unquestionably a first step and a necessary one. It was over national registration, not conscription, that Mayor Camillien Houde, of Montreal, uttered his appeal for defiance of the law in 1940 and landed in an internment camp.

* * *

On the other hand, evidence continues to mount that Quebec is not so firmly and deeply anti-war as it used to be. No one has yet suggested that Quebec would go for conscription but there are signs that the old hysterical fear of it has calmed down a bit.

Recruiting for the Korean brigade was good in Quebec—not good by Toronto standards, perhaps, but extremely good by Quebec standards. They got more Canadian recruits than the brass at NDHQ had predicted.

It is true that the second battalion of the Royal 22nd—the famous "Van-Doos"—had to be bolstered by men from other provinces, mostly French-speaking but not Quebecers. However, this fact by itself is misleading. There was no shortage of volunteers; the shortage was of skilled tradesmen and of men who could be trained as such. You can, for example, train a green man to be a signaller—but not if you have to teach him English first. And a signaller who can't speak English can't function in the Canadian Army. Same goes for clerks. Even the trades that don't require English do require some technical training and the proportion of Canadians with that type of education is low.

So it was necessary to import some bilingual and technical help for the Van-Doos, but that's all. In actual numbers the battalion is well over strength.

This moderation of the old anti-war feeling is a reason for hope, but it's also a reason for care and caution. The Government seems to think, and perhaps rightly, that too much enthusiasm, too much talk of war and preparedness, might boomerang in Quebec and produce, not a growing support, but a revival of the old anti-war hysteria.

"I think in every crisis we'll have the Korea story all over again," one shrewd observer told me. "We'll be slow, we'll be lethargic, we'll tell everybody we're not going to do anything. Charlie Foulkes (Canadian Chief of Staff) will have to listen to sharp remarks from Omar Bradley (his American counterpart); there'll be nasty questions in the UN and the Atlantic Pact meetings, and Mike Pearson will writhe in his chair."

"Meanwhile, of course, we'll be getting on with our planning and eventually we'll do just what we were asked to do—just what we said we wouldn't do, and knew in our hearts all along that we would do. Just as we did in Korea."

* * *

The case in point, of course, is a Canadian brigade for Europe. Prime Minister St. Laurent has said we're not sending one, not now at any rate. At NDHQ, if you ask them about it, they just quote the Prime Minister at you. Nevertheless, there's a solid and general confidence here that Canada will send a brigade group to Europe before very long.

It won't be a new "special force"—with any luck, it'll be the same one. There is now strong hope that the



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Korean War will be over before the Canadian brigade has seen much action, if any. It will come home at or near its original strength, and then what shall we do with it?

In Canada there's nothing to do with a soldier except train him. These troops won't take kindly to training, after having seen overseas service and perhaps actual combat. They didn't join up to do squad drill, they joined to fight. Europe won't offer any fighting (we hope) but at least it offers glamour, adventure, a change of scene. Canada will probably be glad to wave the boys good-by on her other coast, and let them work out their 18 months of service in someone else's territory.

* * *

A critical question, for future Canadian historians, is being debated these days by the literary executors of Mackenzie King: What to do with the 50 volumes of King's diary?

In his will King turned the diary over to his literary executors; in the next clause he directed that the diary be destroyed except for such parts as he had "indicated" should be preserved. Now the executors are taking legal advice: What does "indicate" mean?

Apparently few, if any, of the 50 volumes have any written annotation to show King intended them to be kept. On the other hand, in conversation with his staff and with friends, King

repeatedly "indicated" what things he had in mind for posterity and what for himself alone.

No one ever expected the diaries to be preserved and published in their entirety. These are private papers in an almost unique sense—they are not merely personal, they are intimate revelations of King's thoughts and feelings from day to day. They contain passages that most men wouldn't commit to writing at all, much less release for publication.

How do I know? Because, oddly enough, the whole diary was dictated to various secretaries—half of it, probably, to two faithful confidants, Fred McGregor and Ed Handy. Neither has ever breathed a word of what the books contain; both will tell in a general way what they are like.

By the same token there would be no breach of privacy in having the diaries examined. McGregor and Handy could tell, with little or no difficulty, which parts King intended for the archives; those could be turned over to historians or even printed verbatim. The rest would be destroyed.

That can be done IF the legal advisers decide this kind of verbal "indication" is enough. If not, this whole treasure house of Canadian historical data will go up in flames. There's been no final decision yet but the odds are that the lawyers' answer will be "Yes." ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Too Good for His Own Good

THE late Supreme Court Judge William Renwick Riddell, of Toronto, was a distinguished-looking man, known for his scrupulous fairness. If he had any fault it was, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of fair play toward those on trial before him. He gave the accused every possible benefit of the doubt.

One day in the fall of 1913 the prosecution was making a bitter attack against the man on trial before the kindly judge. The accused was being roundly condemned because of inaccuracies found in his story. Riddell interrupted to point out that even an innocent man can, unintentionally, be wrong.

"For example, consider my own case this very morning," the judge continued. "When I left my house I could have sworn I put my gold watch in my vest

pocket. Now I suddenly realize I didn't do that at all. I left it at home on the bathroom window sill."

When Riddell returned home that evening he was met at the door by his wife who enquired if he had received his watch. The judge looked blank. "A man came here who said you had sent him to get your watch—that you had left it on the bathroom window sill," she explained. "I went upstairs, found it and gave it to him."

"Why, what's the matter?" she went on hurriedly as the kindly judge leaned against the door for support. "Is anything wrong?"

Somebody in the courtroom had heard the judge's words and had had little trouble in obtaining a valuable watch.—Thomas P. Kelley.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Maclean's MOVIES



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BEAVER VALLEY: Walt Disney's second wild-life short is just as delightful as its predecessor, "Seal Island." It's not a cartoon, but an expertly edited outdoor yarn about a solemn beaver, a greedy coyote, some screwball otters, and other beguiling characters.

THE BLACK ROSE: This elaborate medieval melodrama must have cost an awful lot of money, but it's mostly a dull picture just the same. The cast includes Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, and several hundred camels, the latter being thoroughly convincing.

FANCY PANTS: Bob Hope manages to be amusing quite a bit of the time while masquerading as a member of the British nobility in the Wild West. "The Paleface" was funnier, but this one is pretty good.

FATHER IS A BACHELOR: William Holden pleasantly sings a lot of old ballads and these are by far the best ingredients in this weak little fable about a roamer who adopts five orphans.

THE FIREBALL: Mickey Rooney, still playing a heel with a soul, becomes a roller-skate speed king and loses all his friends before the Rev. Pat O'Brien suddenly reforms him. Some of the rink shots, anyway, make it worthwhile trying to keep your eyes open.

FRIGHTENED CITY: A strictly lightweight contender in the current cycle of "plague" stories. Evelyn Keyes, a diamond smuggler with smallpox, terrifies New York while vengefully pursuing her runaway husband.

KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE: James Cagney kills half a dozen males and runs roughshod over two females until destiny overtakes him. An old-fashioned gangster shocker—not good, but you've often seen worse.

THE LAWLESS: Occasional sluggishness and an all-too-casual romance fail to outweigh the many virtues of this stark, suspenseful drama about racial hatred and mob violence in a California town.

PANIC IN THE STREETS: An absorbing thriller about three fleeing killers who don't know that they are carrying the germs of the Black Death. Elia Kazan brilliantly directs a fine cast.

THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED (British): Most of the usual "Tommy" and "Yank" bromides are happily absent in this earnest story about British and American comrades-in-arms in Europe. There is, however, a superficial glibness in the way the theme is developed.

THE TITAN: Michelangelo's masterworks and the historical impact of the Italian Renaissance are excitingly examined in this outstanding documentary. It's one "art" movie that can be enjoyed and understood even by people who habitually shun the galleries.

TREASURE ISLAND: Robert Louis Stevenson's classic tale of pirates offers thrills for youngsters and nostalgic chuckles for their elders, although Robert Newton's unabashed hamming in the role of Long John Silver may provoke yawns from teen-aged sophisticates.

GILMOUR RATES —

Abbot and Costello in Foreign Legion: Slapstick. Fair for children.

All the King's Men: Drama. Excellent.

Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.

Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.

Big Hangover: Legal comedy. Fair.

Big Lift: Berlin drama. Fair.

Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.

Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama. Fair.

Broken Arrow: Frontier drama. Good.

Cariboo Trail: Western. Poor.

Chain Lightning: Air action. Fair.

Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy. Fair.

Children Hundreds: Comedy. Good.

Cinderella: Fantasy. Excellent.

City Lights (reissue): Comedy. Tops.

Comanche Territory: Western. Good.

Curtain Call at Cactus Creek: Western show-business comedy. Good.

Duchess of Idaho: Musical. Fair.

Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.

Francis: Military farce. Fair.

The Furies: "Super"-western. Poor.

Glass Mountain: Opera drama. Fair.

Golden Twenties: Historical. Good.

Good Humor Man: Slapstick. Fair.

Great Jewel Robber: Crime. Fair.

Guilty of Treason: Drama. Fair.

Gunfighters: Ironical western. Fair.

Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.

House by the River: Drama. Poor.

In a Lonely Place: Suspense. Fair.

Intruder in the Dust: Drama. Good.

Key to the City: Love comedy. Fair.

Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.

Kiss For Corliss: Comedy. Poor.

Lady Without Passport: Drama. Poor.

Last Boundaries: Racial drama. Good.

Louisa: "Gay grandma" comedy. Fair.

Love Happy: Marx Bros. farce. Fair.

Miss Grant Takes Richmond: Comedy romance. Fair.

Morning Departure: Sea drama. Fair.

My Foolish Heart: Romance. Fair.

My Friend Irma Goes West: Slapstick ranch musical. Fair.

Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.

Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.

No Sad Songs For Me: Drama. Fair.

Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.

Peggy: Adolescent comedy. Poor.

Perfect Strangers: Romance. Fair.

Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.

Reformer and Redhead: Comedy. Fair.

Reluctant Widow: Spy drama. Poor.

Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.

Rocketship XM: Space drama. Fair.

Rocking Horse Winner: Tragedy. Fair.

Secret Fury: Suspense. Poor.

Shadow on the Wall: Suspense. Fair.

Sheriff's Daughter: Western comedy. Good. (Also called "A Ticket to Tomahawk.")

Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy. Fair.

Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.

Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.

Stars in My Crown: Old West. Fair.

Stella: Screwball comedy. Fair.

Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.

Third Man: Vienna drama. Good.

Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.

Three Came Home: P. O. W. drama. Good.

Three Little Words: Musical. Fair.

Twelve O'Clock High: Air war. Tops.

Wabash Avenue: Musical. Fair.

Wagonmaster: Western. Good.

When Willie Comes Marching Home: Military comedy. Excellent.

Where the Sidewalk Ends: Detective melodrama. Fair.

White Tower: Alpine thriller. Fair.

Winchester '73: Western. Good.

Woman on Pier 13: Spy drama. Fair.

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MAILBAG

It Seems Burma Gentner Twisted the Beaver's Tail

JUST who does this Burma Gentner, Lawrence, Mass., think she is? In Sept. 15 Mailbag she writes about not having to borrow from England—then she says England never pays her debts and she hopes Canada will eventually be in the U. S. A.

Canada is not a possession of England to be given away to pay debts either real or imaginary. Grow up, Mr. American, and try to develop the mature mind.—Wilma Bannis, Brandon, Man.

● Taking everything into consideration, Britain owes the U. S. nothing but the U. S. has a lot to be thankful for to Britain and Canada.—Robert E. Jones, Toronto.

● The ordinary American still tends to confuse our beloved King George VI with his less worthy ancestor George III.—J. A. Westbury, Winnipeg.

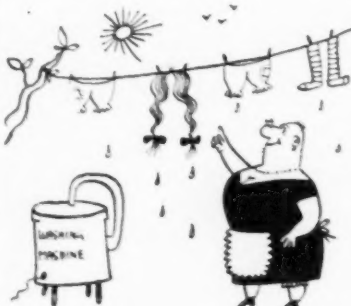
● Fortunately this writer does not represent the true American. They are a warm-hearted, charming people, a pleasure to know.—Mrs. A. Barker, Westmount, Que.

A Fish Story

I read with interest "The Glamorous Goldeye" (Sept. 1). I was born on Lake Winnipeg in '82 and often went out with my father fishing and we never threw the goldeyes away; they were better than any other fish and we used them both fresh and smoked. The Icelanders using the goldeyes as fertilizer sounds to me like a fish story. To my taste the fresh goldeye was as good as the whitefish or the catfish which really are the kings of fresh-water fish. ... Excuse me for writing this, but I have done it because I love the goldeyes.—G. J. Oleson, Glenboro, Man.

Some Have It Curly

I would like to inform Robert Thomas Allen ("The Great Women's Hair Mystery," Sept. 15) that there are some women in Canada who do not have to go to all that bother with their



hair. I'm speaking of myself as one, and there are many others, who have been blessed with natural curly hair. We just wash it, dry it and it's still curly—no pins, no fuss. Ah! lucky us.

I enjoy your magazine very much, especially those articles which have

created quite a storm among your more narrow-minded readers. After all, how are we more broad-minded ones going to find out about things we should know if we don't read them in a magazine that has the courage to print them?—Mrs. M. Krawesky, Hamilton.

Take a Bow, Gilmour

May I congratulate your magazine on its new department Maclean's Movies. I think you are doing the public and also the film producers a good service.—G. Dudley Kent, Toronto.

● I have been looking for something like this in a Canadian paper for a long time.—Mrs. D. B. Sparling, Winnipeg.

Four For the Price of One

Thank you for the article by Ernest Buckler, "Hands Off My Spare Time" (Aug. 15). I laughed till I cried and



my side ached, and I had to put it down and finish it later. The same thing happened on second reading, so you see I got four articles' worth of laughs from it. Let's have more Buckler, or maybe Morley Callaghan, huh?—C. Morrison, Halifax.

Midas the Wrong Word?

The heading of your article on the late Sir Harry Oakes (Sept. 1) called him, for alliteration's sake, a "Murdered Midas." The old gentleman at Ankara, whose name you recall, was fond of handling gold and hoarding it and, in short, was a miser. That he loved his little daughter has been lost sight of under the shadow of his overwhelming obsession. That he was cured of his love of gold is largely forgotten. We remember him only as a miser and it was a mean thing to apply such a word unjustly to a dead man. Sir Harry was above all a tremendous adventurer and gold came to him as a byproduct. Midas! It is a slander on the dead.—Louis Blake Duff, Welland, Ont.

We must disagree with Historian Duff. Midas is remembered not for his miserliness but for his gift of turning everything to gold, a gift that brought him no happiness. The article made it clear that Sir Harry was no miser.



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I Flew in Our New Jet Fighter

Continued from page 7

jet turbine engines, developing 6,000 pounds of thrust each, make the CF100 in the words of its designers, "the most powerful fighter in the world today." It will later be powered with Canadian-designed Orendas, built by Avro. These will deliver about 6,500 pounds of thrust each.

It seems likely that the recently unveiled British Meteor, powered by Sapphires, is a more powerful job but as the Meteor is not yet in production, the designers' claim for the CF100 still stands. The full facts of its performance, together with the details of its armament, are on the secret list but it can fly from Gander, Newfoundland, to Shannon, Ireland, almost 2,000 miles without refueling.

I was the first reporter to fly in the CF100. The only other civilian passenger Test Pilot Waterton had carried was Defense Minister Claxton, who made the trip from Toronto to Montreal recently in the record time of 30 minutes, 10 seconds.

I had been tugging alternately at the sleeves of Avro and the Defense Department for weeks for permission to fly in the new jet and the green light came suddenly on a sunny afternoon with a phone call. "Waterton here," said the 34-year-old Canadian pilot, who came to Malton by way of Camrose, Alta., the RAF and a British aircraft company. "I thought we might have a go at it today."

The big warplane had been wheeled out of the flight hangar by the time I arrived at Malton. The black of its flush-riveted highly polished hide is relieved only by a white lightning streak on its flanks, the rondels, and the call letters of the RCAF. It's painted black for night work.

This Was No Flip

While Waterton was getting ready I looked over the aircraft and talked to technicians who were giving their baby a preflight check. The CF100 is bigger than the Spitfire. Its wing span is 52 feet and it is 52 feet six inches long. The Spitfire is only 29 feet 11 inches long and 36 feet 10 inches wide. Fully loaded the twin-jet weighs 13 tons, almost as heavy as the familiar Dakota, or DC3 transport.

The CF100 has two seats—the pilot up front and the navigator in the rear. A navigator is essential because the plane will be used on long-range patrol work.

The wide straddle of its tricycle landing gear makes it look ungainly on the ground but, as Waterton told me, and as I was soon to see for myself, it's anything but sluggish when air-borne with its wheels tucked into its belly. The new plane responds instantly to finger-tip pressure on the power-operated controls.

While I strapped on a seat parachute the mechanics filled the belly of the jet with lead ballast to take the place of the guns and ammunition which will come later in the plane's career. The technicians explained that our's was no flip, but a test flight with a purpose.

Earlier tests had revealed a trembling of the airframe at certain speeds. There was a theory that this might be caused by the wheel-bay doors being sucked open slightly by the mighty force of the airstream. The job of watching the belly of the aircraft while we scooted along at 10 miles a minute would be done by a remote-controlled periscope camera trained on the suspected area. The films later revealed



The year is 1950...

CANADIANS pause on Remembrance Day to pay tribute to the courage of those who died to keep us free.

These young men and women gave "the last full measure of devotion" to causes that perhaps not all of them fully understood. But today it is *our* job to understand these causes, to recognize Canada's place among the nations, and to do all we can to preserve freedom among men.

The stout hearts and strong arms of her sons and daughters have always been Canada's sure shield. Every Remembrance Day we honour those who went forth to battle in almost every decade of our nation's history since 1775.

This Day, as we pay tribute to those who gave everything, we remember the living too, and the descendants of those who fell. Let us help the Canadian Legion whose self-appointed task is to see that neither are forgotten, that the dead are honoured and the living helped.

It is a privilege for every Canadian to wear a Poppy to help the Canadian Legion raise the POPPY FUND. And while the "Last Post" is sounding this Remembrance Day, wearing a POPPY shows we remember our debt to the veterans of Canada's wars and their families.

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the doors did creep open and the designers went to work immediately on a correction.

By the time Bill Waterton joined us preparations were almost complete for the test flight. Bill, who fought in the Battle of Britain, talks slower and flies faster than any pilot I have met. When Group-Captain E. M. Donaldson of the RAF set a new world air speed record in 1946 with a Meteor traveling 616 mph Bill was his No. 2 pilot. By the way, the world speed record is now held by a U. S.-built Sabre jet—670 mph.

Waterton's flair for aerial showmanship attracted the Gloster people of England who make the Meteor. He was sent on the road demonstrating the Meteor to foreign buyers. He has been out of the service for nearly four years but retains his RAF handlebar moustache. He is currently on loan to Avro Canada.

Bill led the way up the 10-foot ladder into the front cockpit and I followed with the seat-pack of my chute barging against my legs. The rear cockpit where I sat, and which will be the navigator's "office" when the CF100 goes to work, is simply furnished in contrast to the myriad dials, buttons, levers and gadgets of the pilot's department. There was a radio switch panel, an oxygen-flow indicator, and a plug for the dangling end of the ear-phone cord. Lashed to the sill was a steel tomahawk. This was for hacking your way out of the cockpit if necessary.

Shot From a Cannon

The most fascinating item of furniture was the seat itself. It was virtually an aluminum armchair with a parachute for seat cushion. I was fastened to this chair by a criss cross of strong straps which went over my shoulders and thighs holding me securely in place.

Waterton, who has logged 3,500 hours in 71 types of aircraft and has never had to jump, explained what to do in case we had to bail out on this flight. Getting out of a jet is difficult, so difficult that, without special equipment, the odds are against you getting out at all. If you go over the side, for instance, you hit a 600 mph slipstream harder than a brick wall. There is also a very good chance of being sliced in two by the tail assembly.

So when it comes time to say goodbye to a jet in flight you first release a catch which jettisons the cockpit dome, then pull down a canvas screen which protects your face. When you pull hard on the handle of this protective screen an explosive charge catapults you clear of the plane.

If everything works well to this point you are riding an aluminum armchair through the thin cold air high above the earth—at 10 miles up for instance, the air is so cold, about 67 below, that you are in danger of freezing to death if you don't stifle from lack of oxygen. The next manoeuvre is to release the straps which bind you to your seat and fall free and fast, as fast as possible since you have no auxiliary oxygen supply, for some eight miles to a more friendly altitude. Here it is safe to open the chute and drift down the rest of the way in comparative comfort.

At the end of the runway Waterton set the brakes and pulled shut the perspex bubble which encased us like a couple of Buck Rogers characters. He nudged the throttles forward and the turbines screamed like banshees as they whirled faster. The big aircraft trembled to be going under the urgency of six tons of fiery thrust in its guts.

Waterton unlocked the brakes and we began to roll. Jet flight is like being shot out of a cannon. There is none of

the gradual buildup of speed you get with conventional planes, the feeling that the aircraft is clawing its way into the sky with propeller talons.

I was slammed down in my seat as we gained speed. Less than halfway down the mile-long runway we were doing 100 mph and I didn't realize we were air-borne until I felt the thud of the wheels nestling into place. By the time we passed the boundary fence we were doing 200, straight and level. Then Waterton pulled back on the stick and I was lying on my back as the CF100, pointing almost straight up, slashed through the sky.

We were flying level two miles up in less than a minute and for the first time I had a chance to sort out my impressions of flight in this hottest airplane in the Canadian sky today. I've flown a great deal, as a pilot and as an aviation writer, but I have never had the feeling of literally flying into the future—a somehow terrifying future—that I had as we cruised smoothly, almost noiselessly, through the clear blue sky under our glassy bulb.

There is little noise, the shriek of the blasting engines is left far behind by the speed of the plane. There is only a steady dynamo-like hum of fierce power; the hiss of the airstream. There was little sensation of motion. My aluminum armchair was as steady as any in the Drones' Club.

Even the earth we had left seemed remote and unreal under our wings as Waterton took us up to five miles. The sun glistened on the ebony hide of the jet and glanced off the fleecy peaks of cumulus that became, under the spell of jet flight, valleys and castles in a land that never was.

At one point Waterton did a magnificent loop that took us through the sky in a great circle that began a mile above the earth and ended four miles up in the clouds.

Jet-borne air passengers of the future have a delightful experience awaiting them. But the aircraft I was riding in is not for fun. It is for war. And for the fighting pilot jets are full of perils as powerful and mysterious as the forces harnessed by the jet engines themselves.

The military pilot must learn to fly, to fight and to survive in a strange world 10 miles or more above the earth. Learning to cope with every emergency of combat in the stratosphere is something like getting set for life on another planet.

Present equipment, including the explosive seat, is adequate up to 50,000 feet, but combat jets will go higher. Thus, before long, the high-flying combat pilot must be equipped like superman to contend with such foes as cold, oxygen starvation, decompression sickness or the "bends" (nitrogen bubbles in the blood), and the explosive bursting of the pressurized cockpit in case of a mechanical failure or a hit on the transparent dome. Furthermore, the blood will literally boil at body temperature above 60,000 feet.

The oxygen at the 12-mile level is so scarce that a man thrust into that atmosphere without his own private air bubble (the pressure cockpit), would lose consciousness in seconds. The pressure cockpit begins to lose its life-giving efficiency as altitude increases, so that an oxygen mask has to be used. Even with a mask, at extreme height a normal flow of pure oxygen is not enough. It has to be forced into the pilot's lungs under pressure. This pressure breathing is a reverse process, which means the upper-air explorer has to learn to breathe all over again, relaxing to let the oxygen flow in, then exhaling forcibly. An elastic corset

may be used to help the breathing-out effort.

Decompression sickness is caused by a sudden and drastic drop of atmospheric pressure.

The pilot is safe from these high-level gremlins as long as he can ride securely in the pressurized cockpit where the air is kept warm and healthful. For low-level jet flying, the cockpit has to have a refrigeration unit too, because the slipstream friction at great speeds heats the cockpit to oven temperature.

If there is combat at these speeds and these levels it may be assumed that where old-style pilots aimed their guns at engines and gas tanks the jet-combat pilots will shoot for the perspex canopies without which men cannot live in the high world of the future. The pilot who does not get out and down quickly is sure to die. The aero-medical experts are talking now of a rocket belt that will propel pilots swiftly to the earth.

Our landing in the CF100 at Toronto was smooth and not fast, about 100 mph, much the same as the landing speed of a Spitfire. Waterton told me when we were down that although we had hit 10 miles a minute he had kept the new jet under wraps, using only about 75% of the push burning in the Avons. Even on his record-breaking flight to Montreal with Defense Minister Claxton he had not opened the CF100 full out.

Before I left the field I met the chief designer of the CF100, Jack Frost, a slim and youthful Englishman who now regards himself as a Canadian. He prefers to be called John.

They are proud of the CF100 in the Avro organization. Everyone from the men sweeping hangar floors to Walter Deisher, the general manager was jubilant when the RCAF chose it as its standard patrol fighter.

However, they aren't as pleased about the name the RCAF selected to put on the new jet. They're calling it the Canuck. The feeling around Avro is that while this is all highly patriotic

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it is a highly unoriginal name for a revolutionary aircraft. Besides, the name is associated with the Fleet Canuck trainer, a good but necessarily slow flivver-type plane.

Some alternative names have been offered to Brooke Claxton, who made the final selection. Some were: Tornak, from the Eskimo god of destruction, Iroquois, Thunderbird and Nighthawk. Other names offered by Canadians who would like to see more glamour in the name of the new fighter have been Rapier and Buccaneer.

But wherever it flies or fights it will, by its name, be unmistakably Canadian. And by its very nature it will belong to the rising fleet of strange deadly aircraft which are flashing through the barriers of sound into the future with men born of the earth, far away, crouched under their glass-clear shells. ★

In the Editors' Confidence

WE DON'T want to sound too much like one of those choked-up voices in movie previews but we are proud to present Edna Staebler again with a story about the island of St. Pierre on page 8.

We're proud because we think it's a good story and because Mrs. Staebler won the Canadian Women's Press Club annual award recently with an article about Old Order Mennonites which appeared in Maclean's on April 1. It was called "How to Live Without Wars and Wedding Rings."

And we're proud too (how proud can you get?) of another Maclean's writer, Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, whose story "Who Would Want to Live on the Prairies?" in the June 15 issue was a runner-up.

The award, for the year ended July 1, was for the best published feature story, news story or interview by any woman writer living in Canada. The contest covered material from the nation's daily or weekly newspapers, the radio and magazines. First prize was \$200.

The news of her success gave Mrs. Staebler, who lives in Kitchener, Ont., a lift she needed because she spent the summer strapped to a board following an operation on her back. Her cat, the one in the picture, broke a leg the same time she went to the hospital. He chewed the cast off, however, and now has a permanently gimpy leg. Mrs. Staebler, who was more patient, is getting better.

Recalling her trip to St. Pierre, Mrs. Staebler told us:

"On rainy days I would sit in the big kitchen with Mme. Dutin and her friends. They would have a drop of wine while they laughed and chattered rapidly in French. Everything they said seemed to be very funny or intensely exciting but I couldn't understand a word of it. Sitting on the stiff little wooden chair I have never felt so lonely. But then Mimi, the family cat, who looks like my Min, would jump on my lap and purr to remind me that cats have a universal language."



KITCHENER-WATERLOO RECORD
EDNA STAEBLER'S article on Mennonites won a prize. We like the one on page 8, too.

"There were hundreds of cats in St. Pierre. Big dirty old Toms lay in every cindery back yard, on every fence rail and even on the steep roofs of the houses. At night I could hear them scrabbling in the uncovered oil drums that were used for garbage."

"The drums stood beside each front door till the collectors would tip them into the street and shovel their contents into a cart. I asked Mme. Dutin how often that happened and she said, 'I don't know when dey takes odder people's stuff but I gives dem a drink of rum and dey gits mine every odder day.'"

• Alex McLaren found the subject for this month's cover on Peel Street in Montreal where he lives and works as a commercial artist. When we asked him how the remodeling turned out he sent us the photograph which appears on this page.

McLaren was born in Portugal, went to school in Scotland and came to Canada as a boy. He studied art at the Dundee School of Art and in Montreal. He is married and has two daughters and one son. The eldest daughter, Joyce, teaches art in Sir George Williams College in Montreal.

• The winner of the \$1,000 prize in the Maclean's fiction contest for Canadian short story writers will be announced in the issue of Dec. 15.

Close to 2,000 entries were received in the contest which officially closed Sept. 1. Preliminary reading has been completed and the judges are closing in on the winning manuscript based on a situation provided by the master story teller Somerset Maugham.

The railroad strike was taken into consideration and the closing time of the contest was adjusted in a way which we are sure made it possible for every legitimate entry to be received, read and judged. The strike ended with the passage of a bill in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Aug. 30, you may recall. Most trains were running the next day well within the 48-hour period provided by law but we accepted all manuscripts postmarked as late as Monday, Sept. 4.



THIS IS THE MODEL for our cover. Artist Alex McLaren caught it having its façade lifted.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A GOOD Samaritan motoring up the Orangeville-Fergus highway in Ontario recently encountered a Model T Ford stalled right in the middle of the road. Pulling up he called to the old fellow



who was out front cranking, "Wanna push?"

The old-timer straightened up, spat, rubbed his hands together and replied, "Nope, she's gotta learn to take the crank!"

...

When the drug clerk in St. Andrew's, N.B., handed the lady customer her parcel he said, "That'll be a dollar plus four cents for Jack." Baffled by this oblique reference to New Brunswick's recently imposed sales tax she said she didn't get it, so the clerk gaily explained his joke. "Premier Jack McNair expects to have a tough winter and we're collecting a little extra on each sale to help him out," he declared with a proud grin at his own wit. But it's difficult to hold a grin if your jaw drops open as far as his did when the customer replied, "I'm glad to hear that—I'm Mr. McNair's sister."

...

One of the last milkmen in the Toronto area to drive a horse has recently been outfitted with a fine new truck and he can't get used to it at all. The fact that the truck won't follow him along his route threw him so completely off schedule that for a few days he kept his teen-age son out of school mornings to pilot the unco-operative vehicle. A regular customer saw him emerge from an alleyway and cut across the next lawn with a cry of "Come on, boy—giddyap!" followed by an indignant wail from his son "Dad—there you go again!"

...

The nearly complete lack of any real summer weather and the onslaught of a few dismal fall days understandably moved an Ottawa friend of ours to foreboding thoughts of battling another winter in the nation's capital. "Why, I remember one day last winter when Wellington

Street in front of the Parliament buildings was like an icy chute. Dozens of cars got jammed in a tangle all because the front car on the slope couldn't get traction.

"Finally the driver called to a passing pedestrian to give him a shove. Well, this poor fellow shoved and shoved but he couldn't get much of a grip either. Finally he braced one foot against the bumper of the car behind, gave a mighty heave and off went the stalled car with a rush.

"I'll never forget the look in that man's eyes as he lay there where he landed, full length in the slush, watching the car disappear down the street."

...

The minister came for dinner the other night in the home of a young couple in Victoria. He was a stout Presbyterian and violently opposed to the demon rum in all its forms. Just as he arrived the two-year-old daughter of the house sat down at her own little table to eat her supper, while mother explained to the youngster that her usual mug had momentarily vanished and as a special privilege she could try drinking from a glass. The toddler proudly picked up the flowing beaker of milk, cocked a delighted eye at the parson and exclaimed, "Down the hatch!"

...

Every newspaper man knows the frustration of those dog days when nothing happens anywhere, but we never knew one to express his resentment in print until we read the



Warmley column in a recent issue of the Moose Mountain Star-Standard, published at Arcola, Sask.

"No news last week and very little this week," read the first item. "The people in this district seem determined to keep their doings under cover; well, maybe they need to."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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